

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1996

Don't Get
Married
Until
You
Read
This!

Or
Divorced,
Either

BY LYNN DARLING



MARK HEISLER

Hoop Nightmares:
Running with
the Bulls

FRANK ROSE

How CBS
Took a Bath
with Its Own Soap

DAVID BLUM

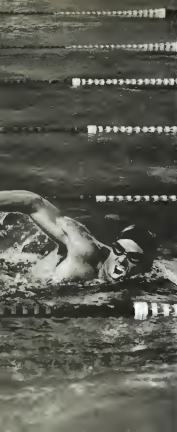
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Esquire

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They were just kids—but old enough to be in love, old enough to take their own lives.



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Listen, if you can handle
"Honey, do I look fat?"
you can handle this.



Dewar's





Esquire

MAY 1996

Reality Check

Hillary Clinton plays the name game, Ronald Reagan loses Michael Jackson's glove, Rupert Murdoch nods at an heir, and O. J.'s ex-wife decides not to tell all. By Jeannette Walls **16**

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The Pacino Perplex

A PACINO HAD had his ups and downs, but his commitment to being both in films and onstage has remained true. He has never done the talk-show thing or any cigarette commercials in Japan, and he continues to play characters as an actor. With baying lyrics like Janney Brulion and Alex Reid ("The Oddfather") and "Al's Chavvy," February, he becomes almost heroic. Pacino deserves to be praised and promoted as an endangered species of American culture.

—DANIEL ROTH
Mail wife, Calif



Final Cut

I AM TOUCHED that Jay Querino ("I Lost It at the Movies," February) still shudders at the 1993 New York Times account of my struggle to make an independent film. He vowed that his film would not end up like mine, "trudged with reflections on sex, love, and American culture," as the Times called it, and unfrustrated for lack of funds. My film, *Lushy Girl*, was indeed frustrated (complete with suicidal reflections) and was acquired by a small but enthusiastic distributor. It opened in New York in June 1995, and ran last month in Los Angeles. Whatever real pain the failure of Querino's film may have caused him, it should teach him that it takes as much commitment, know-how, and talent to make a movie as it does to get a byline in *Esquire*.

—MIA FARROW
bedpartner, Conn.

JIMMY BRULION REFUSED *Mo'Nasty* and said I and she and I. Well he her.

I REALLY ENJOYED the piece about Janney Brulion in your February issue, especially when he mentions meeting Al Pacino.

—COREY MORGANO
Brooklyn, NY

JIMMY BRULION REFUSES a hard search for cutting to the quick regarding Italian-American ancestry. Fifteen million Americans of Italian descent seek of fighting a Hollywood mythology built around five thousand lowlards Brulion, for being one to the dissonance of wacky theories. When will our chaotic Italian portraits on finally get it?

—BILL DAL CERRO
Chicago, Ill.

RICK ARON'S REVIEW of Al Pacino's *Ride* career seemed underhanded. Reed has underplayed Pacino's sex

appeal. He is a handsome fellow, and he plays romantic scenes with interesting effect. The much-maligned *Robo* Dorel is a very enjoyable romance with solid performance. And what red-blooded woman wouldn't thrill to a kiss like the one that Pacino gives Michelle Pfeiffer in the flower market scene in *Handcuffed* (January)? To call that performance "ratty and miserable" is incomprehensible. On one point, however, I will agree: Al Pacino could make more of it.

—EUGENE SCHNEIDER
Columbia Jewish Clubhouse

old son (C-section also). I'm already aiming to plot how to take out the neighborhood bully and make it look like an accident.

—MARK KROBILSKY
Addison, Conn.

Back Talk

I FIRST DISCOVERED the allure of the *Esquire* book ("The Other Side of Paradise," by Tony Hendrix, February) when Bridget Fonda sat up in bed and slid on a leather jacket in the *Goldfinger* film. I didn't know that donkeys could be so happy to know that the flesh-reporting woman's apron and shoulder blades is receiving the appreciation it deserves.

—D. R. McDIARMID
Tucson, Ariz.

Furn Unfitting

I SIGMA'S CHOICES of fashion options *Los Angeles*, I would have to live right to ten inches of chest measurement, alone to wear one of those jackets featured in "Speed Racer" (February). I am not some muscle-mad, jacked regular thirty-five-year-old guy in forty-degree shape. Perhaps it is fitting that men are now being portrayed with absolutely ridiculous body images. Women have been dealing with that sort of foolishness for years.

—PAUL ZACCHINI
San Francisco, Calif.

Mojeros Que Admiramos

I A RIBO BOY discerns haberdashery included in compañía tan fina en el artículo, "Hispanic Men Love" (August 1995) y habido sido incluida en un grupo tan diverso como en *Dulcinea*. *América* (winter of 1995 (January)). Tercero no es que esa reportera del O'J. Sinopsis tal hoy descubrimos que en Latino, más bien, en *Esquire* que he realizado que las Latinas también pueden ser rubias y de ojos azules. En fin, equívoco, posiblemente lazo "grupa," pero en los corvones soy bien Latino.

—MICHAEL BARNEY-PERKINS
WNBC-Sympathetic reporter
El Paso, Tex.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1350 New York Avenue, New York, NY 10020, or sent by email to esquireletters@earthlink.net. Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters might be edited for length and clarity.

WHEN contributing editor **LYN BRULION** met her husband, Les Lennax, it was "half star at first sight." It was 1991. She was a strong young reporter for the *Washington Post* Style section covering a story in New York. The source: the paper's New York correspondent, assigned to the same story. "At I recall," Darling says, "we each reported the piece, but in the end, neither of us wrote it." An early lesson in relationship diplomacy.

In the years to come, Darling found herself heavily working for Lennax when he became editor of the *Style* section, and by 1998 they engaged in their most beginning of turf wars and were married. Their writer-editor relationship, so he is normally grateful for the comedy of *Nathan Lane*, the voice of Timon the meerkat. Lane caught up with Lane as he was rehearsing the Broadway revival of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* ("Tater Laughing," page 86). "I kept telling myself I was going out to meet Timon," Brulion says. "He's the age where he can actually imagine that I was having dinner with a meerkat." (That's the author of *Flash* in the *Brooklyn Museum* and is winning a book on longevity for *Random House*. He is very much looking forward to his seven-hour film.)

Palmer prize-winning newspaper columnist **JANNEY BRULION** changes much about that month and publishes his "Comet with Jocks" (page 64), a one-on-one play that depicts Newt Gingrich asking his wife for a divorce. It was commissioned by the *Ac*.

So how did the normally laconic Lennax, now the weekend editor at *The Wall Street Journal*, react to Darling's essay on their marriage? "He wrote me a love letter."

IN "MAD CITS IN THEIR EYE" (page 96) *Esquire* contributor **FRANK ROSS** recounts and deconstructs *Chris*' prime-time embarrassment, *Chris* first hit. "There are plenty of women above on TV than CTR," says Ross, whose

last book, *The Agency* (HarperCollins), a history of William Morris, will be published in paperback next month. "Some of them are even less than the rest, all that hype set it up for a fall."

"I consider it a privilege to watch Michael Jordan play basketball," says **MARK MARLINO**, who gets inside the psyche of Jordan and his Chicago Bulls teammates. *Scottie*, *Pippen*, and *Dennis Rodman* in "The Ball Game" (page 68). Marlin, who covers the NBA for the *Los Angeles Times*, says that despite the con of celebrity surrounding the team, "the Bulls are as good as they are famous." Marlin's second book, *They Shot David Don't They?*, was just published by Macmillan.

As the father of two toddlers, contributing editor **DAVID BARN** has seen *The Long Walk*, maybe two hundred times, so he is normally grateful for the comedy of *Nathan Lane*, the voice of Timon the meerkat. Lane caught up with Lane as he was rehearsing the Broadway revival of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* ("Tater Laughing," page 86). "I kept telling myself I was going out to meet Timon," Brulion says. "He's the age where he can actually imagine that I was having dinner with a meerkat." (That's the author of *Flash* in the *Brooklyn Museum* and is winning a book on longevity for *Random House*. He is very much looking forward to his seven-hour film.)

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sons *Theatre of the Absurd* and debated March 27. Will there be any more plays? "It's amazing how fast you get tired writing plays," says Brulion, whose next book, *A Shot of Amaretto*, will be published in August. "It's so small and intimate like *Swing* and *Swing*. And I certainly didn't want to be like *Swing*."

When a teenage couple in Sweetwater, Florida, discover themselves late last year, their *Miami* connection sought for meaning ("To Be For," page 98). Aside from the obvious *Shakespearean* interpretation—*Romeo and Juliet* plus a dose of *Cyphar*—as contributing editor **ELLEN KATZ** says, "This story is really about these children who made the most disastrous decision that they could at the moment that it mattered most." Katz is the author of *Madly Miss Finkle* (Holloway Books) (Addison-Wesley).

For the last few months, **BOB MARLINO** has been offering advice in our *Male Animal* section on contemporary dilemmas, everything from sex and drugs to dealing with homelessness (page 44). "My first piece of advice would be, Don't listen to people who give advice," says Marlin. "My idea is to write in a funny way with no point of view." Marlin is, of course, the Pulitzer prize-winning, novelist of *Kafka*, whose latest collection is *One* (with the *Kid*) (Random House).

Finally, **Mark Lippert's** Wild King does move to prime real estate in the front of the magazine (page 52) as **Julie Rosenberg** returns with her Mr. Perpetual, Big Catmen (page 102) after bracing her second novel in



编著者 王德林 责任编辑 王德林 王德林 王德林

Reality Check

KEYWORD

Long Live Rupert!

A RECENT promotion by Rupert Murdoch has some of his murdar newsmen brushing up on their feminisms—or at least on the Murdoch



The Murine Model Patient Is Not Dead!

Family man When Murdoch announced that his twenty-seven-year-old daughter, Elisabeth, would head his satellite-TV scramble,

COOPERATION

Deep Whitewater

FUNNY how the stuff at The Washington Post might have been a tad sloppier when it came to the Clinton version of Whitewater events. But, according to a source, the president and First Lady had a perfect opportunity to preempt much of the scandal by cooperating early on with the paper. Former White House media adviser David Gurnea had once

TelkeyB (she previously operated TV stations KSPN and KSEE in California with her husband), the beer started inside the mogul's News Corp that she is now the

her appearance. "[His son] James is considered the black sheep, and everyone had always assumed it would be [his other son] Luchan," says

one much insider
"But now the word is
that he's out of the
loop. This really
raises the question of
which Murdoch we'll
be working for."

ROLE-PLAYING

Scared Straight

SOME actors just want to remain behind closed doors when it comes to discussing their gay roles. The makers of *The Gilded Age*, the award-winning documentary about the images of gays in cinema, persuaded a number of major stars to discuss what it would be like to play gay characters. **Tom Hanks**, for example, was very forthcoming about his Oscar-winning *Philadelphia*.

performance, and **Tanay** Sarin had insightful and wry comments on her kabuki moments with **Carthage Denore** in *The Hunger*. But some Hollywood readers were surprised by who refused to appear in the film. **Gundee Ganga** wouldn't discuss her 1986 role in *The Group* (above), and **Al Pacino** declined to comment on his gay roles in



Day, Day Afternoon and the much-maligned *Cruising*. Some stars cited scheduling conflicts, but says one source, "If I were Al Pacino, I'd also have scheduling conflicts when it came to discussing *Cruising*."

LOVE STORIES

But Was There a Second Gunman?

It is quickly becoming the *Vince Foster* story for Generation X. Did *Kurt Cobain* really kill himself, or was he murdered? More to the point, did *Courtney Love* play a role? Love's father has already claimed as much, and now there is more momentum behind this ridiculous theorizing.

High Times de-
voted a cover story to
it last month, and at
Miami University of

Ocho, Chris Corman has a complex. With one ([http://corman.was.muchio.edu/~corman/kurt.html](#)) devoted to "the investigation," which lays out with **an** **enormous** life fever for the events surrounding Cobain's death and also features Cobain's note. Want to discuss the "evidence" found here? Check out the newsgroup [alt.fan.courtneylove](#).

But the most careful conspiracy theorists are a rock group called the Mentors, who are changing their name to Courtney Killed Kurt, and a source says lead singer El Duce is telling friends that he's having his beliefs on conservatism he claims to have had with Courtney. "He's a pretty rough character," says a source insider, "even by the standards of that world." ■

"Evidence": Kurt's last words before he reached nirvana.

[illegible]

Thank you for the
pictures. Keep going. Continue
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From the *Journal of*

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IT RAN PRATT

BIG TOY: Sometimes known by more high-fashion names, such as "video copy processors" or "wall-image processors," video printers hook up to any video source—TV, VCR, camcorder—and spit out snapshot-size prints of whatever's on a black-and-white unit (the Mitsubishi P90U is a good bet at about \$1,000) or produce an acceptable color and print. For a full-color Sony PCL-400R can handle up to 16 million colors, make heart-shaped pictures, and create images that are "ideally suited for producing novelty items, buttons, and key chains." All for about two grand. Coming soon to a mall near you.

America's fastest home
monthly sales.

MOISTURE: Why are clementines better than mandarins? Their cut hulls are nubbier, eating an orange feel less like swallowing a softball, their dry, practically pulpless skin peels off in one swift motion, and their sweetness approaches raspberry levels. But their best selling point is the cute boxes they're sold in: a perfect casseroles holder or, in-boss, once removed of citrus.

BOO EYESOME: The magisterial winery of Philip Johnson's Chippen-dale-inspired AT&T Building has been eclipsed by his

least project the Trump International Hotel & Tower. Critics have disapproved of "the most important new address in the world," a fifty-two-story, kiln-wrapped chocolate bar, but the Museum of Modern Art, where Johnson created the first MoMA architecture show, in 1931 (you read that correctly), will honor his sixtieth birthday in June with a study exhibit celebrating his patronage—which should remind detractors of the examples of his seven-decade career.

NEW VOICES: Now that every bohemian in a bent has performed at Starbucks, the spoken-word scene has peaked. But Chicago blues legend Ken Nordine stands out in the gathered crowd. A veteran of hundreds of commercial, Nordine is recognizable as the Voice of the Pillbox. For a nostalgic trip, any album's conception of Nordine recordings, the Best of World Jam, Vol. 1, which includes the classic "I Used to Think My Right Hand Was Lighter Than My Left," or *Asphalt's Color*, a recording of his extended riffs on colors from once to

series (for a paint company)

KID BOOK: *Miss Phillips's* forthcoming novel, *Snakebite Summer* (Little, Brown, co. gy. June), the graphic—and quite literally poetic—account of a tempestuous romance, is getting the prepublication superhype treatment. When a ten-year-old boy sucks the blood out of a snakebite high on the thigh of a nineteen-year-old senorita, a thirty-year affair ensues. Snappy dialogue, canine characterizations, hot descriptive moments.

RIO GRANDE: Paper prices are up. Ad revenues are down. Great time to start a print magazine, right? On recent success stories in New York, one could attend launch parties for two upstart anime magazines, *idol* and *Rio*, then proceed to the dealer booth for *Play*, yet another fashion/lifestyle rag, this one from Dallas. On the horizon: *NY Black Book*, an underground-Manhattan guides book, and the palm-tree Co., a general-interest, lifestyle magazine to be distributed nationwide on five-postcard routes. Go figure.



Chrysler's sturdy feeling
is a quiet, sporty ride.

Gryphon's sturdy behavior is a small, sorry side.

GARY FUEL PATTON

Topless Without Apology

THE CONVERTIBLE has had its ups and downs. Twenty years ago, in the aftermath of the energy crisis, it was proclaimed dead. (There was even a science novel, *The Last Convertible*.) Today, though, convertibles are flourishing, from the new generation of sporty roadsters by BMW and Mercedes to the baggy Pontiac Sunfire and Chevy Cavalier; from the VW and Audi cabriolets to the brand-new Aston Martin DB5 (a Ferrari-priced assemblage of Connolly leather, burl walnut, and such extras as Connolly champagne). Convertibles

Better mechanisms have given us push-button tops that unfold almost organically by rolling, tube-like physiology (Audi's description of its spinodal and often overlooked Cabriolet: "You can put the top up or down at a fingertip.") And the one-button Windor top of, say, a Mercedes SL or a Saab 900 shares a sense of metamorphosis as engaging as the wrappings of a child's transformer toy. By the same token, an overly complex top can kill the funniness of an otherwise exemplary vehicle, as in the case of the late Cadillac Allante.

No convertible has struck with the rustic ideal

more resolutely than the Chrysler Lefleur, over the last eight years the best-selling soft top in the country. The Lefleur rode Chrysler's fortunes through the 1980s with multiple runnings, none of which were very convincing but none of which dented its popularity. At one point, it sported a grille shaped like an Afro pick, at another, headlights resembling half-mooned mouth doors.

New Chrysler has replaced the LeMmon with the Schring, one of the few vehicles out there originally designed as a soft top, with a real trunk and seating for four with full legroom. Buckle on a beauty.

modified version of the company's JA platform, the Sebring, priced at \$16,000, begins with a sturdy rail-through chassis that helps fight "crowl shake," a malady that is no convertibles' worst enemy. The car's suspension is so

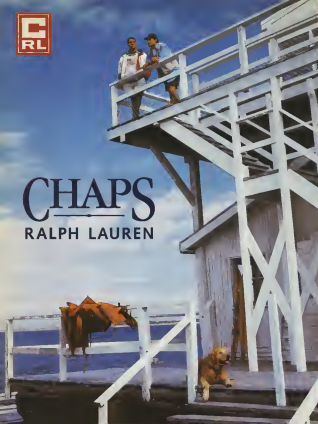
Supercars helped shape the car's windshield pillars, making less noise with the top down. With a 2.4-liter, 190-horsepower four-cylinder or a 2.8-liter, 160-horsepower six (standard in the SO version), the same engine used in the Cirrus and Stratus models, and with double wishbone suspension, the Soling has a much more European (i.e. spomy) mile and drive than did its predecessor.

It's a rolling reproach to all those convertibles that are simply roadsters or muscle cars with the tops rolled out.

149 WORDS ON MEMORIAL DAY BY PAUL FUGGALL: Sweden was, when Memorial Day was Celebrated, 1861



CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN



Chrysler Cirrus LXi 



MUSIC MARK JACOBSON

True Blues Revisited

I DREAMT I saw Robert Johnson, baby, spot on his dead man's face, playing the Curlew World House of Blues. He was strumming "Midnight on My Mind"—about perfect, since Blues was on the drums. Donald played bass, and Mickey blew harp. They played the blues, slow and full of pain.

There's a properly post-modernist perfume depicted here. Everybody knows Robert Johnson sold his soul to the devil to become the greatest bluesman ever. The House of Blues, the chain of virtual "dive joints" soon to open a Curlew World branch, makes a hell of a Hell. Indeed, the club's part owner Dan Aykroyd (he and ensemble

Blues Brother partner John Belushi are the two men most responsible for the yuppie-aged blues "revival") makes a convincing devil. Can't you see the deeply bogged Blues Brothers down at the Crossroads some stormy night, sniped into and black sunglasses on their heads, calling to Johnson's Precious Lord? "Robbie," they say, "get your git-bow—we got a job for you, up Magic Kingdom way."

Oh, the grim, scullally, questionable images that beset the blues paranoiac, especially during periods of the elemental music's so-called revival. B.B. King says not to worry—"the blues don't need no reviving, they ain't been dead since they've

Lighnin' Hopkins, and the magisterial Willie Dixon: the APBB afforded would-be white boy bluesmen like Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton, and Keith Richards their first extended look at the real thing. For that alone, the tour survives as an unforgiving event in rock 'n' roll history. Not to mention a badge in the eternal race of the House of Blues, since there's every chance Jimmy Page turned on more current blues fans than Rosewood Styles ever did.

Learning to this colicness—the blues is a big while—you sense that if the blues outlived Alvin Lee, it'll survive Disney, too. On an authentic mission from God, these guys really put out

been born, and nothing's killing them now." Still, the blues pans itself first, wary of every potentially corrupting, de-authenticating hand.

To arrange this presentation, in effect, it is instructive to listen to the current live-CD set *American Folk Blues Festival, '90-'93* (Evidence), a series of live recordings showcasing the three-venue European blues "revival" tour by black bluesmen. Organized by German jazz fans and featuring a Hall of Fame roster of country and city musicians, including John Lee Hooker, Sonny Boy Williamson, Muddy Waters,

Personal best performances abound. Howling '60s speaker of a tongue of flame language all his own, chosen down a "Don't My Bloom" to flatten any killing floor. Old Spain pumps his pump. Old Vicorus Spivey talks about the TB Blues.

Most revealing, though, is Sonny Boy Williamson. The blues really went for Sonny Boy's harmonica playing. He liked them, too, singing how he was glad to be out of the U.S. and in Berlin, where people were "so warm, so cool, so loud." Wonder if Sonny Boy could have stayed in Nazi blues bars were in the audience. Not that it would matter. With the blues, pain has always been a relative thing.

The Recent and the Decent

The Birth of a Nation (Penthouse Filmworks): A real (and less-) rattling rendition of modern movie competition.

Larry Young, Dirty Blues (MCA): Young played the organ, so he took him seriously. But he was serious.

Some, Incident at Opa (VHS): Greasy, surreal rock instrumental—the Tennessee at the End of Time.

Crashin' Gamblers, Gambling Days Are Over (Capricorn): For the Record Industry? The greatest, dirtiest rock-and-roll record you'll hear today.

The Nashville Sound ... Does Preach (Globe): The new protest "Gassy," "It Wasn't God Who Made Rocky Top Angels," and everything good by Lavette Lynn. A story of major proportions.

From Tulum and Tulum System, Tulum Attack (Globe Video): It's never too tall and does have with a single. The rage of West Africa.

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introducing they'll never see again some kid who does find a magical future. Or tomorrow. May 11



TRAVEL EVAN COSMELL

On the Trail of Santa Fe

SIXTY-NINE YEARS ago, one block from Santa Fe's central plaza, a large and formidable writer named Mary Austin locked Harry Truman in the shut. The U.S. government wanted to install a statue. Pioneer Mother on the plaza to commemorate the Santa Fe Trail. Truman, in charge of the project, executed the statue to Santa Fe. Quite a few of the town's residents felt the statue didn't represent Santa Fe's Hispanic heritage. So when the Pioneer Mother arrived on a truck, she was met by an angry crowd, and Mary Austin looked like the future president. Truman and his associates then trucked on down to Albuquerque.

Santa Fe is that kind of town. I moved here several years ago, after fifteen or twenty years. I liked the mixture of New Mexico, the silence, the turquoise sky, the soft adobe architecture, the cowboys and poppies, and somehow, the first given Chile music, the Anglo-Mexican-Indian culture, and the Assuan ruins. I have picked up scraps of twelfth-century pottery on the hillside where I live.

The light of dawn emerges with immense authority from the west, descending the peaks of the Jemez Mountains, spreading eastward across the high desert to Santa Fe. It is strange and unexpected, as though you were in

a foreign country.

And not since the Inquisition has there been anything comparable to the burning of Zócalos, Old Man Glens, which happens every September. A grotesque forty-foot effigy is crucified to Iron Mercy Park. After dark, following a midnight ceremony he is set alight. His head roasts from side to side in amazement, the red highlights that are his eyes flash wildly, his arms rise and fall, and a loudspeaker emits hissing groans while thousands of spectators howl with joy. I watched this performance just once. It is terrifying.

If you climb the serpentine path from Pecos de Perito to the Cross of the

Red Wolf, several tunnels in the plaza (left) compete with the soft white arches (left) and the Highways (left) ceremony (left).

NOTES

LA FERIA, on a corner of the plaza (300 East San Francisco Street; 505-523-5002 or 505-523-5011), is a landmark. The lobby is warm, Southwestern, pleasant, and friendly. The adjoining rooms are country-western dancing. The dining room, which for many years had no roof, is now enclosed by canvas for casual open-air lunches.

THE SITE OF THE ANASAZI, just off the Plaza (300 East Washington Street; 505-485-5190 or 505-565-3570), is a recent archaeological treasure where even the masonry replicates thirteenth-century Chaco pueblo walls. Truly and elegantly Southwestern, featuring temples, decorative pottery, art, and more.

ELDERMAN (300 West San Francisco Street; 505-523-4400) is relatively new, large, and comfortably New Mexican. Excellent dining room and greenhouse-one lobby bar. Pleasant and historic.

RESTAURANTS

OUTSIDE CAFE (323 West Water Street; 505-563-5655) is among the Santa Fe restaurants. Primarily southwestern food, expensive. Popular with tourists and locals. Attentive service, attractive presentation.

SANTAGITO (323 Washington Avenue; 505-564-1790) must have a good publicity agent because tourists are always asking where it is. Could be anywhere—more or less sophisticated, rather noisy, expensive, and crowded, a bit outrageous.

ANASAZI RESTAURANT is the Inn of the Anasazi (323 Washington Avenue; 505-565-3570) is one of the best. Prices comparable to those of Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Sometimes a little noisy. Arrangements can be made for dinner in one of the adjacent, tastefully decorated smaller rooms.

STANIS KURSKI is in the best-dine neighborhood. La Piedad de Santa Fe (323 East Palace Avenue; 505-565-0600). Pleasantly rustic bar and restaurant with a somewhat European atmosphere. Moderately expensive. Friendly, good service and food.

TOMASINI'S is in the old railroad station (300 South Goodships Street; 505-563-5525), a lovely, low-maintenance walk from the plaza. It doesn't look like much, but Santa Fe's finest traditional New Mexican dishes are good and inexpensive. When crowded.

SALT TRAVELER STREET BAR & GRILL (323 West San Francisco Street; 505-563-3944) is sophisticated and expensive. Popular with locals and a block from the plaza.

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JEEP CHEROKEE SPORT

When you drive a Jeep Cherokee Sport, daup-tering for days or even weeks at a time is pretty much expected. After all, who can resist using Cherokee's available full-time four-wheel drive system to detour over the mountains, through the forest, up a cliff, and into a canyon? (And that's just on the way home from work.)

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you can take any road anywhere. Give time a rest on the road and a glimpse of the land. It

*Air bag fully effective only when used with seat belt. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

The heavily engineered valve that tops off Beers Marler's Big Swallow 2000 is as light as the air but as a seal—no clearing is necessary. And when you resurface, the valve pops open for easy, snap-free breathing. The patented half-pin mouthpiece is tied to your jaw as well. \$149

Even the most narrow-shaped fins (the standard size of big, ocean-swimming fins) are truly real. Salix neofins, they flex into a curl to both kick power, so they're easier on your legs without sacrificing speed. The Y shape gives you more control, and the open-toe design prevents cramping. \$250

By putting the B-Strap on Beers Marler's Superflow T4, you can adjust the mask's tension without taking it off. And instead of lifting the mask to clear it, a good snort pushes water through the purge valve under your nose. \$75

The Male Animal

TO YOUR HEALTH:
How to stay fit, sane,
and on top of your game.
—**Edited by Anita Lasker**

If you've ever splashed a mouthful of ocean from your snorkel, you'll like the splash guard on Beers Marler's superlight Profin. It traps a water-resistant air pocket when submerged but smoothly spins clearing when you resurface. \$75

With Marler's new USA no-resolve mask, you'll be able to view your favorite reef or wreck from every angle—even sideways or straight down. \$135

Designed for surface swimmers, which most snorkelers are, Farris Fin's new Beersers have "don't-a-look" attachments that give the fins greater directional control and can be rotated to adjust to your kick. As for the snorkeler's tail, the hinge on the Beersers releases drag. \$140

THE STUFF OF SPORT

Shallow Ideas

Accessories for the man who goes overboard

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE a leaky mask, a purging snorkel, or flimsy fins to remind us how far we've come from our amphibious heritage. Here's a sampling of the latest in human ingenuity to help you see better, breathe easier, and make better sense just below the waterline.

—MICHAEL WADSWORTH

Five Ways to Waste a Workout

You've never half a son on the glutepec-m-gone deck when some big guy breaks the news: "It's you're doing that all wrong." Using proper form, you must cut at forty-two pounds. Dime-thirteen years wasted. You can cheat yourself a million ways at the gym. Fortunately, we can list only five here.

1. Failure to include. Weight machines are generally meant to work specific muscles. If you bring others to bear, you're defuncting yourself. A good rule of thumb is to be sure you're flexing only one joint, in a known plane, during the motions, say your others should sleep. If you throw your shoulder and back muscles into it, you work your biceps like mad men.

2. Failure to follow through. If you don't lift a weight through a muscle's full range, you're not just cheating, you're negating natural flexibility. Say you're working your biceps with curls. Lift all the way to your chest, and you know, but your arms go down straight. Any other motion can leave you muscle-bound.



3. Using momentum as a crutch. Jerking weights up and straining those dead-weight weight training. To maximize your muscle's work, lift with a rapid but smooth motion and lower just as smoothly—and use only.

4. Missing all of the wrong places. They're motion during a set—i.e., rest at my point. They're trying to exhaust the muscles on all angles in the work and strengthening. The time to rest is between sets, when you need to rest. In a similar strain, you're maintaining a high heart rate, as you need only thirty seconds between sets. If you're timing and monitoring, give your muscles forty to sixty seconds to recuperate. But if you're serious about building up, with a good three-minute rest. Your muscle's endurance level will peak during the next set, increasing maximum growth.

5. Breathing wrong. It's a cardinal rule to use a forced expiration of breath that builds strength. In fact, you want to "breathe out" the weights in the lift phase, back to get that heart and to tighten and stabilize your overall posture. If you hold your breath, growing into your stomach, you'll lose the blood flow, and you will lose your breath and oxygen deprivation. —**Don Williams**

THE MALE MIND MICHAEL SNOELL

Meet the Kinks

WHEN I FEEL a little low, I buy women's underwear. Last week I saw a terrific of sexy things, each one destined to meet a special condition of breast, thigh, and buttock. I feel my spirit soar like the silhouette of a slinky silk chemise. Holding one up, I admire its elegant trimmings and clever construction, and I picture it on the. Just as I reach for a perverse excitement from knowing the underwear is trying to suggest her desires that my purchase will ever adorn a female body

A friend of mine buys his wife's footware. His spouse prefers sensible walking shoes. He sees her in sandals with straps that climb halfway up her calves, make them flash, glossy pumps. Decorate problem our discussing exactly when she wears these items, though we both know. He's willing to run a gamut of underwear silhouettes to have his way with her erotic life.

Are he and I fetishists? A little. We're aroused by dressing up our wives and, like most men, whose parodying makes them in the parlance of a cruder era, one leg, or in men, would admit to a fondness for a

particular zone of their bodies. On the spectrum were well in from someone who mistakes women's underclothes—and from Mark Magper's former FBI man, who was caught buying a "sexual relationship" with a pair of her pants. (The police later found more than thirty pairs of her shoes and boots—what really had the obsession?—in his office, along with a copy of *Spide*.) But on some primal level, we can relate.

Fetishes are one category in a sexual syndrome known as paraphilia, a dependence on unusual, narrowly focused, or forbidden stimuli—to the exclusion of all others—to achieve arousal. There are many paraphilias, ranging from transsexual (compulsively rubbing up against strangers) to autoerotic (an attraction to one's own). Their most striking feature is that they are an almost exclusively male phenomenon.

The New Goo

You'll think the whimsy who've trekked energy bars and power drinks would be amazed that they've made plain old food obsolete—but no. Now they've created a carbohydrate goo that delivers energy to a hundred calories per shot. The aptly named Go and its gelatinous competitors—ReLeads, Pocket Rocket, Recharge—are marketed as a way for long-range athletes to replenish the blood glucose that fuels the brain and muscles as they exercise and as a carb boost before working out.

Sold in one-ounce packets, these flavored gels are synergistic cocktails combining two types of carbohydrates: simple sugars and "glucose polymers"—calorie-dense carbohydrate derivatives.

On top of that, Go claims to assist acid digestion and muscle recovery, while Pocket Rocket boasts a jolt from guava, an herbal stimulant containing caffeine. Sports nutritionists will tell you that such bonus ingredients serve as adequate for more than athletes. These concoctions shouldn't be confused with Topoys's spatch, either. Go

enthusiasts claim that their claims are more readily absorbed by the tired body than are ordinary foods. But Nancy Clark, nutritional consultant to Boston's Red Sox and Orioles and author of *Nancy Clark's Sports Nutrition Cookbook*, questions whether such a scientific endeavor to support the claim. In any

event, she adds, "these products are not needed for a trip to the gym. It's much more important that 'one-hour athletes' eat a good breakfast and a good lunch, which will give them all the blood-glucose stores they need."

However, if you're into sustained exertion, you do need to take in about two hundred calories of carbohydrate—along with plenty of water—every hour that you exercise beyond ninety minutes. Hydration and blood sugar can be maintained just as well with, say, bananas or figs and water or diluted fruit juice. That, says Clark, "athletes should go with what they like and with what works easily" in their stomachs.

And some guys prefer gels. They're convenient, they're tasty—and not everyone can speed walk and chew at the same time. —**COLIN BRADY**

WHAT IT TAKES TO GET 100 CARBO CALORIES

	Serving Size	Total Calories	Cost
Go (Mixed with water)	1.5 tablespoons	100	\$.34
Recharge	one	104	.35
Apple juice (diluted with water)	8 ounces	105	.35
Power Bar (Chocolate Flavored)	about half a bar	126*	.50
Go (a packet)		100	1.50

Note: Any food should be taken with water to ensure hydration during workouts.

*Extra calories come from protein and fat.

a powerful, peptide responsible for lactation, also floods the male brain during orgasm. The chemical not only stimulates sex drive but

produces feelings of attachment—to a mate, a baby—or a rubber ducky. Add some anxiety and obsession, which most hardcore fetishists trend toward, and you end up with deviants in the signals that usually come arousal.

Another male characteristic plays a vital role: The sexual skills we evolved as hunters and builders probably contribute to our voracious dependence on visual stimuli for sexual arousal. For the fetishist, visual kinkplay

lengthens this natural arousal. As psychiatrist Robert Skellie observed, "A fetish is a story masquerading as an object"—but it's a story with no surprises. Control over the highly masculinized plot is everything. For instance, to achieve arousal, some fetishists have to pay their partners—either women or men.

Fortunately, there is such a thing as will. Most of us aren't as perurbed by our waning as are hardcore fetishists. We have choices, as was apparent to Georges Bataille and Pablo Picasso, possessors of extraordinary sexual skills. One afternoon, the two artists wore a pair of black lace under in a French lingerie shop, and Bataille promptly purchased them. "Are they for your mistress?" asked Picasso, a legendary philanderer. "No, for my wife," said Bataille. "That's what makes them interesting."

Is Your Hair Too Apparent?

THAT increasingly dense forest growing from your neckline to your shoulder blades. Would you call that (a) easily or (b) messy? You need no longer

be an Olympic swimmer or a transsexual to follow (b) to the salon for a full back wax. In fact, you need only be hairy and confident to embrace the creeping change that rising

hormone levels visit a post-pubescent male's back. At Gerard Rolin in New York, men now account for 35 percent of the clientele for Eliza Bellina, the doyenne of back waxers. "With Steven from the largest hair, many are semi-tough, even-by women and lovers."

It's not sheer vanity. Waxing is hygienic, more shaving can cause cysts, ingrown hairs, and razor burns. Budget a good half hour and sit to lose every hair to six weeks (the hair does grow back, if lighter and thinner), take a deep breath, and exhale. This is not a painless procedure (Picture a series of Benji Ads being ripped off a hairy forearm.)

But the back is snuggled for differing chemical sensitivity (the armpit band wax is applied just shy of uncomfortably hot), for degrees of hairiness (an oil-drenched V formed by the legs

and the smell of the back is the principal growth zone), and for direction of hair growth. The wax is applied with the growth, then ripped off against the grain, usually a second layer. Then a follicle's unfriendly angle of ejection (a French serum made of soybean extract, plus a handful or so secret ingredients) is massaged in. The woman himself applies a similar cream after a hot shower—every morning, until the next waxing. A cooler, seizable green wax is used to make a seamless slide toward the neck and buttocks.

Most men, says Bellina, also have "piecework" done—as in a piece, arm, nostril, eyelashes. Many become obsessed. That people come in, very tentatively, nine years ago. Now the slightest peach fuzz drives them crazy.

Meanwhile, permanent relief for the depilation-dependent is coming to a very neighborhood near you. A company called Forever Lane has developed a laser-hair-removal process and debuted it at Spa Thins in La Jolla, California, with plans to franchise nationwide. At Spa Thins, for around \$2,000, a man can render his back as barren as Rosie's left calf.

—DAVID SALANTYRE

DEPT. OF HIGHER RATIONALITY

"I'm Sorry, Sir—He's Out at His Desk"

Forget the mega-Ego shots and the two-copier back—here's the latest tip for mazed-out executive: Gerald sleep researcher Dr. James Mazza prescribes a twenty-minute "power nap" to combat afternoon fatigue. "Power suggests that men clearly and perform far better than their overworked colleagues," he says.

This isn't news to Michael Kerz, the president of Tuckers, who

encourages his workforce to take a daily head-tilt-out desk nap. At Nike in Beaverton, Oregon, there's a "relaxation room" with cheeseburgers for sleepheads (sorry, no blankets).

This is not mere wooziness. A 1994 NASA study of EEG readings found that pilots who napped during long flights were five times less likely to be drowsy during landing. In response, the FAA is

considering a plan to allow pilots forty-minute naps in the cockpit, an activity that now warrants disciplinary action.

Not everyone's taking this trend lying down. "We see in the Trump organization how the time or inclination to nap at work," says Barry Greenberg, one of The Donald's lieutenants. "I mean, I don't even have time to eat lunch."

—DANIEL WALKER

MAN'S GUIDE TO BUYING DIAMONDS

She's expecting DIAMONDS. Don't PANIC. We can help.



The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but the way to a woman's usually involves a jeweler. Just think of golf clubs, or season tickets wrapped in a little black velvet box. That's how women feel about diamonds.

To buy diamonds, consider: 1. Find out what she has her heart set on. Is it a pendant, anniversary band, or ear studs? You can find out by browsing with her, window shopping, watching her reactions to other women's jewelry. Go by body language, not just by what she says. Then, once you know the style, you can concentrate on the diamond.

Take people as you demand an alert

Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

There's a good reason not to buy it You want a diamond you can be proud of. So don't be attracted to a jeweler because of "bargain prices." Find someone you can trust. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. You want someone who will help you determine quality and value using four characteristics called *the 4 C's*. They are: *cut* (not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance); *color* (actually, close to no color is finest, *clarity* the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *carat* (not *carats*) the larger the diamond, usually the more rare. Remember, the more you know, the more confident you can be in buying a diamond you'll always be proud of).

Learn more For the booklet "How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give," call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-348-3028.

Compromise now? What's your heart? Go for diamonds beyond her wildest dreams. Go for something that reflects how you really feel. You want nothing less than a diamond as unique as your love. Not to mention as beautiful as that totally perplexing creature who will wear it.

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WAR OF THE ROSES

Just how many presidential candidates can you fit in the White House garden?

REPUBLICANS WILL REMEMBER them as the Tin Dole That Saved the Party—Bob Dole's systematic discussion of horrid Pat Buchanan and Steve Forbes in a string of pressurized that stretched from South Carolina to Super Tuesday. Dole's Washington victory celebration that night was the unvarnished, bipartisan, bipartisan version of bullies in one corner, the more schooled Scott Reed, Dole's campaign chairman, was talking about winning the "background issues" of the

Midwest—Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois. Across the way, New Hampshire's balding governor, Steve Merrill, not in his own words but predicted a "great, new, fascinating one candidate who is thematically skilled and the other who will deliver." Suddenly, the distinguished Newt Gingrich (remember him?) materialized with a towel-slinging, boys-will-be-boys greeting. "Hey, Merrill, I know you when you had hair."

Dole's victory speech soared to the oratorical heights of a Kansas radio broadcast reading the moving farm report. The Roberts's clearing words were pure Churchill as he told his adoring (well, loyal) supporters, "God bless America Goodnight. And see you soon." Afterward, I signed a fellow reporter whom I hadn't seen for a dozen years. He had been abroad, chronicling war and disasters, only to be brought back home to cover the nook comb of a presidential campaign. Two months before the conventions, that six-figure correspondent turned to me in puzzlement and asked, "What do we do now?"

His question was akin to Robert Redford's closing line in *The Candidate*. Already, our eight-driven colleagues were winning elaborate wars about Vice-President Colin Powell (Albin's alleged needs are shared on an hourly basis) and the precise wording of the abortion plank in the Republican platform. [We got it. Let the unborn decide.] Back in the days when the women's war's moved west, the California primary in early June, such vigorous parties could hardly fill the solitary six weeks leading up to a July convention. But this year, the Republicans decided to defer their convention until mid-August—not daring to compete with the Atlanta Olympics in July. Imagine the TV ratings if Dole's acceptance speech were paired against synchronized swimming.

Some might regard this bizarre arrangement we are now enacting as the political equivalent

of a cornucopia interrupted. But the analogy I prefer is the Phony War of 1939, those anxious months after the fall of Poland when the Germans and French armed camp only after across the Maginot line. This time, the fortified border stretches across Pennsylvania Avenue as Clinton and Dole are bunkered down in their chosen battle-ments: the White House Rose Garden and the Senate floor. Competing, Rose Garden strategists, if you will, Or, perhaps more to the point, presidential veto-quo. This is the beginning of a virtual campaign that only Washington insiders could lose—lots of political firms and legislative gambles that will be remembered only by C-Span and the Tim Russert live club. All gamesmanship all the time until the real voters tune in.

Never before, as we are consistently reminded, has an incumbent president been challenged by the Senate majority leader. The more psychologically interesting is that, for the first time since Kennedy and Nixon in 1960, the two presidential candidates have come to know each other well. Thirty hours of faked close-to-face badger negotiations at the White House during the last year have given Clinton and Dole a chance to recognize their common bonds, from a love of compromise to their shared pain each time Gingrich begins to speak. Recently, the majority leader even conceded to a New York City business group that the marathon budget talks "gave me my first real look at the White House. It was exciting."

Does it matter who wins in November? Dole, if elected, would probably be a transitional, one-term president, because of both his age and the surprise that his business about "leadership" are as close as he comes to a road map for governing. My hunch is that a Clinton second term would be to quote a line from Herman's Herman's "little bit louder and a little bit worse." (In contrast, a top Clinton strategist looks to the Beatles for a campaign theme: "It's getting better all the time.")

None an issue and it's hard to detect a starkness of difference between Dole and Clinton. Moreover? Thanks to Clinton, a is presented for a generation by a Supreme Court majority—well, any- wise Dole's difficulty remembering his own position suggests a candidate who would sell out the Clinton Coalition as the first opportunity. Foreign policy? Both candid- dates are old-fashioned, unambiguously, who anguished over the tape of Bosnia. Tomorrow's policy? Dole worships Alan Greenspan and Clinton

embraced him. Trade? Dole was in league with the president on NAFTA, GATT, and the Mercosur bubble. School uniforms? Now there's a bugle on which Clinton alone has been tough. Predictions? Get ready for a full campaign of unvarnished opinions that will make us pine for the high-winded dialogue between George Bush and Michael Dukakis in 1988. With little to make either side prouder, both candidates will play on the fears and frustrations of swing voters who otherwise would regard them as the Twendith and Twendith of mainstream politics. There's a sugar coat in the land, and both Clinton and Dole have a strategic need to capitalize on it. Kennedy and Nixon all over again, searching for their Quincy and Mazon (With Taiwan in peril, those tiny, unloved offshore islands might stage a Cold War comeback.)

But in the meantime, if this summer's Cold Campaign is going to consist of a couple of guys trying to remain presidential above the fray, then, by God, who's in the fray?

But in the meantime, if this summer's Cold Campaign is going to consist of a couple of guys trying to remain presidential above the fray, then, by God, who's in the fray?

phone calls to Ted Koller and Dionea Warner's conviction. And, Dukakis aside, the majority leader is the first presidential candidate in memory who would be better off if he didn't campaign. A wise handler would tell Dole, "Stay in the Senate and do your job. Do you really think you'll carry California if the voters are not you close?" Democrats are almost sure the thought of Dole's speech to the GOP convention, not only does he risk being upstaged by Buchanan, Dole might also lose the highlight to the women who call the roll of the states.

For all his Oxford and Yale training, Clinton may find it hard to get another degree from the electoral College. Thereafter, the states that the president will lose those southern states that he carried against Bush—Georgia, Tennessee, and Louisiana. Based on 1990, that would put Clinton at 152 electoral votes—just to meet the needs for a second term. In its preliminary calculations, the Dole high command is targeting five key Clinton states with popular Republican governors—New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Give the majority leader any three of them and Tim Riker will be recedingly describing the race as "nigher than a steam-roller door" and "hotter than a piece of fire" hours after the polls close.

Ignore the blather about California, Dole doesn't need to win there. Smart handicappers will focus on the fight in Florida, a state in which Clinton never took an issue but which he usually carried. Clinton strategists describe the ongoing campaign as one of the acronym MAME (Medicaid, Medicare, and the environment). From press on the staffboard comes over GDP cuts in Medicare to Clinton's new commitment to use the Everglades, that version of no-one politics plays well in Florida. There's Clinton's Joe Heilman pronunciation on Cuba-plus the 1994 House election designed to keep the boat people at home—and you have a formula for rep-

ing a major state from the Dole column. "Over a year ago, the president became convinced that he saved Florida," explains Governor Lawton Chiles, the lone Democratic candidate of a major state. "I think we can carry Florida. It won't be easy."

How easy it is to be beguiled by visions of electoral maps and bipartisan talk of "background issues." Acceptance of the full-blown, breath, and bombastic though it may become the agents as dimmed by the abrupt termination of the GOP presidential race. Clinton versus Dole, the Dilemma against the Dilemma, two Washington insiders, two card-carrying members of the establishment, will offer none of the stark choices posed by the primaries. This is politics as safety net. No matter whom you pick, the nation will somehow muddle through. (That doesn't mean you, Ron Perot.)

the drama of the overplayed drums of the full campaign will have to reduce as we endure the War of the Roses. Gardens from now until the conventions. H



THE CHEERY O'S

Ripken to Alomar to the World Series? The Baltimore Orioles are counting on it.

THE MAN WITH the tape recorder from sports-talk station Woeschering something picked up Cal Ripken Jr. as soon as he came off the field behind Fort Lauderdale Stadium, and no matter how fast Ripken walked, the man stayed with him, talking even faster. This is the spring after a baseball season turned as lonely even to Ripken, and not much has changed. He is still the monument

to his last season, breaking Lou Gehrig's record and all, when goals have you as far from the stadium as possible.

Ripken never breaks stride as he reaches the dugout steps.

"I want to win," he says as he leaves the man with the tape recorder behind. A few reporters later, in the Orioles' clubhouse, he continues the thought. "I've had a lot of time to think about last September 8, as you can imagine, and one of the things I've wondered about is whether anything could have made it better for me. And the only thing I can come up with is that if I had passed Mr. Gehrig in the middle of a pennant race."

"The next best thing in this sport, the most satisfying thing, never changes," he says. "And that's winning."



Let's get out. With Gehrig behind him, Ripken wants another championship.

Last year, everything for Ripken was geared toward the first week in September. This time around, things are different. This time, Mr. Ripken is looking to the last week in October.

CAL RIPKEN ACTIVELY MADE it to the World Series last year. First game, Anaheim's Fulton County Stadium, Braves versus Indians.

They let him throw out the first ball. Then Ripken had to do the hardest possible thing in this world: He went over to the high-roller Ted Turner-Jane Fonda temporary box right there on the field and watched while somebody else played.

Killed him.

"I felt funny throwing out the first pitch," Ripken is saying now, standing next to an exercise machine in the clubhouse. "It was such an honor, but I'm still playing and it's something I've always associated with people who've retired. And it's not as if I had forgotten what the World Series is like." In 1991, Ripken played in, and won, his only World Series with the Orioles. "That made '91, I'd just watched on television. Now here it was all around me. I can feel the excitement the players are feeling. I can feel the pressure."

Ripken smiles again, baseball's OF Blue Eyes remembering what it was like to be on the sidelines. "I spent the whole night working. It was out there," he continues.

So between this October and this spring training, Orioles owner Peter Angelos—the one owner who refused to go along with such baseball in the spring of 1991—has tried to



ST100



ST105



ST102



ST106



ST108



ST112



ST100



ST106



ST104



ST104



ST108



ST105



ST108



ST104



ST105



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Style ST100 shown



Style ST100 shown

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do something about this. Angolan signed the two most important free agents of the off-season. One was Roberto Alomar, the great Toronto Blue Jays second baseman, the other was general manager Pat Gillick, who built the Blue Jays into a two-time world champion and a one of the most brilliant front-office guys of the last quarter century. Gillick had moved into an honorary role with the Blue Jays, and no one had any idea he was retiring, so he got back in the game at the age of 54-year-old.

"Everybody knows Pat's the boss," Davey Johnson, the new Orioles manager, says. "That's a given. I just think you've got to go after the best, which is why I told Mr. Angolan we had to at least see if we could get him."

Gillick and Johnson go way back. They had since been former-joint managers in the Cleveland Indians system in Bluffton, New York, in 1969, playing for a manager named Earl Weaver. Both men say they are not close friends but have admired each other's work through the years. Angolan first hired Johnson after the 1995 season ended. The two men then began the process of persuading Gillick to join their team.

"I was actually pretty content being out of things," Gillick says in Fort Lauderdale. "But I finally thought, 'Let's have some fun.'"

Anything, of course, would have looked fun to Davey Johnson after working for Marge Schott in Cincinnati. He was happier to get away from Schott than people were to cheer up at Dayton at the end of Vietnam.

Once in Baltimore, Gillick went to work immediately. He signed Alomar, who is one of the best players to have ever come out of the Dominican Republic. He signed Randy Myers, traded for left-handed starter David Wells. Traded for Braves pitcher Kent Mercker. Got B.J. Surhoff, a superb utility man. Signed Mike Devereaux, who had been a playoff MVP.

It took Pat Gillick years to build an organization that became the envy of the sport. He will do that in Baltimore, too. But first, he is trying to build a team that can fight with the wonderful Cleveland Indians for the American League pennant, a team that can take Ripken to October night now.

"There were three pretty hectic weeks in December," Gillick says. "I felt like someone trying to build a championship team with the roster running."

THE SPORTING LIFE

IN THE CLASSROOM at Fort Lauderdale Stadium, down the row from where Ripken has been talking about October, Roberto Alomar quietly sits reading a magazine. He does not have a loud voice, has never been a big talker in baseball. He is another Latin player hurt by baseball's stodgy marketing of the sport, especially to Spanish-speaking fans. Even when the Blue Jays were beating the world, it was happening in Canada. But the fans in Toronto knew what those at Camden Yards well felt: this summer, there is now a Hall of Fame second baseman in Baltimore to go with the Hall of Fame shortstop.

"This is an amazing thing, to play with someone like that after playing against him so long," Alomar says. "But I am so happy to be working for Pat Gillick again because that means we will win here. He has a way of knowing exactly the thing a team needs, then going to get it done."

That thing was Bobby Alomar. His reputation on the field had been impeccable, but by the time he left Toronto, things had soured with the Blue Jays. "Good Ash [the general manager who replaced Gillick] and I was not a leader. But I never thought, Good Ash was paying me to be a cheerleader. I'm not a cheerleader. I'm a ballplayer."

And a ballplayer at that. A ballplayer of extraordinary grace, one without a weakness. He has the gift at second base, making the impossible play seem ordinary. When he is of a mind to end a base, he ends it. He has hit over .300 the last four seasons and has made just four errors in each of the last two.

When Ripken and Alomar take the field this season, they will match up any firm one of the game's double play combinations in baseball history.

"We've still learned each other's moves," Ripken and Alomar say. "I told him that night he was so long at twenty more minutes."

"I love playing with him already," he said.

I told Ripken that thanks to the wonders of DirecTV, I planned to watch a lot of Orioles games this summer. And that I might switch over only when they're in the field, just to watch him and Alomar chat around second base.

"That's not a bad way to go," Cal Ripken said, looking down the row to where Alomar sat. "I have a feeling this is going to be a fun year."

Pat Gillick agrees. "It's got a chance to be a special season," he says. "I think it can be that way for those of us who've just arrived here, for the ballplayers, and most of all for the fans. I don't just think this is going to be a good team, I think it's going to be good entertainment."

going to be a good team, I think it's going to be good entertainment. Sometimes we lose sight of that fact, especially in baseball. What I think we've put together here is a team that can beat you in a lot of different ways and be entertaining in a lot of different ways."

"Especially around second," I say. "Every day," he says, "two very special ballplayers are going to run out there. And after playing all those consecutive games, wouldn't it be nice for Cal to be at the Series again?"

Ripken never stopped playing after the World Series of 1983, not even for a day. He just stopped playing in late September. Now Pat Gillick and Davey Johnson and Bobby Alomar, all of whom have known plenty about the last week of October in the years since, are trying to get a back then.

"You make it to the World Series when you're young," Ripken says, "and I'm not saying you get apologetic, because you could never take an experience like that for granted. But maybe you don't appreciate that it might be the last chance you'll get for a long time—or ever. Maybe even I didn't appreciate it. But I'm going to turn thirty next season. And I'll tell you that 'I'll get back to the World Series. I'll appreciate it this time around. I'm coming out on top.'"

Baseball's Cal Ripken. The eyes focused on a difficult prize this time, having nothing to do with Mr. Gillick, it

IF I WERE A NOUVEAU RICHE MAN



A foolproof plan for squandering your first million with style

AFTERMATH, OR NOT? HERE'S the family's version of how my young cousin Joshua came into sudden and unforeseen possession of 10 million. Between his freshman and sophomore years at Skidmore, Josh had a summer job as a newswriter in the lobby of the Time Warner building. One day, while strolling in his John Malone, head of Time Communications, Inc. and a major shareholder in the Turner Broadcasting Company, who's in town to participate in negotiations involving Time Warner's acquisition of Turner

a position of dual-breaking management over his founders to acquire more Time Warner stock in exchange for his shares in Turner, and he's about to bolt back to his home base in Colorado. He stops at the newsstand to buy a box of cigars. After he pays for the cigars, he realizes he wants a roll of smokes and fishes in his pockets for loose change.

"The mints are on the house, Mr. Malone," says Josh.

"The mints are on the house," Malone begins repeating to himself as if pondering a line from the Tin Ti Ching.

Apparently, Malone has glossed some cryptic, involuntary meaning from this seemingly banal statement that sends him scurrying back up to Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin's office, where, in a matter of hours, an agreement is hammered out. Levin is so grateful to

Josh for having salvaged the deal with his nervousness about that he elevates Josh down to the lobby and on the spot—writes the flabbergasted newswriter "your check is a million check for 'unwind'."

The very next day I get an E-mail from Josh: "idiot," says the panicked person. "What do I do with all this money?"

Well, I'm curious. Not about Josh and the money I mean, I mean—the money as the house? What's going on, major wood at the opportunity to finally play Sonoma. Ever since I first read the *Hyper-Masculine* column in which the great Stoic philosopher expounds that moral owed conducive to a contained and noble life—I have wanted to be able to expert my own precepts and morals to some young prairie. And now I can.

Thus, the *Epiphany* of Joshua—of which the following is the core and only episode.

Dear Joshua,

Congrats, you're nervous rich! Now, what to do. You indicate that you intend to march up to your slacker boss at the newsstand and tell him to go back behind that move. The elegant amateur stays in his old neighborhood and remains at his mental position, where he can reflexively torment his coworkers with the fact that he doesn't need the job. This is a fundamental principle: *Nouveau riche* is most exquisitely enjoyed in vivid contrast to the status quo ante. Regard your unexpected prosperity against the background of your regular environment. When the random cockroaches scurrier up your chilled border of Causal, you'll flourish with delight.

Now, what do you do with the money? Don't tie it up in investments. You want access, liquidity—no open target. But money-market accounts are so pedestrian. I recommend a Mide account. When you go to the bank to withdraw money, an expressionless

teller hands you a rolled-up newspaper in the personal section, you'll locate an ad concerning extended directions to a drop net. At that drop net—in a hollowed-out tree stump, truck exhaust pipe, man's room toilet sink, or corner—you'll find your cash and withdrawal slip. A Mide account adds a whiff of mystery to your banking routine. Sure, the monthly service charge is exorbitant, but you can handle it—you're rich!

If you insist on buying an estate and rambling it with amateur wares, I'd be extremely careful, especially in light of the recent John de Pree tragedy. Acute stress may not recognize your ineptness instantly if and when it occurs. I suggest filing your attention instead with professional lenders. You'll be far better off with the likes of Hiale Hagan, "Macho Man" Randy Soups, the Fain, Doud, and then "the Phoenix" Hurt running around the house than with a bunch of Greco Roman in padded leotards.

Now that you're wealthy, discover the joys of charity and philanthropy. Donate hairbrushes and objects of art to organizations that can truly benefit from them. I recently donated my Clapper to the Florida Department of Corrections for use with its electric chair. The image of Governor Lawton Chiles tapping some merchant with a discolored gift of his hands—worth the business of a lifetime—dinner—was simply irresistible.

You've also actually now in a position to shape the cultural landscape. We often thought that the National Endowment for the Arts would be an infinitely more popular agency if it followed the lead of the Agricultural Department, which sometimes subsidizes farmers not so grow anything. Wouldn't it behoove the NEA, for instance, to pay abhorrible novelties and poems not to write? Just give the director the Federal flag, it's sure for the private sector to profit in.

We so really need another Picasso biography? I don't think so. What about that old-all Roy Kelly biography of Harold Ripley House. So what would it cost to convince the respective grantee to let their camera be follow for a while? Just their checkbook, boy! Call their agents. Promote the museum of the artist you dislike. Do it for your money.

So indicate that you want to peruse your resources rather than "control" current assets and charisma. Well, if current assets and assets are an accurate barometer, the male sex symbol par excellence is the lower the alcohol, the

WILD KINGDOM

congested ambience, the suicidal rocket man, the feckless schmuck hopelessly in hook to the mob, or even. So use your money to feed up on something. Buy a restaurant. Major American cities feature restaurants of almost every food variety, with one glaring exception—the cuisine of the polar tundra. Go for it! The chance of lifting a restaurant back with a menu of fermented animal skins, rotten molar duck, raw muskrat liver, frozen, coagulated seal blood, and gosh (whole small birds unseasoned in seal blubber and spewed through the summer) are all. You'll be in the red when weeks. Sophisticated women find the owners of failing restaurants irresistibly charming, and soon they'll be getting together as you sit at in the gleaming brass-and-mahogany bar of your empty restaurant, picking at your glass, pathetically knocking back. Ripley also Ripley. Trust me on this one, babe.

Finally, Josh, I have one last word for you. Pardon. You now have the wherewithal to finance the limits of whimsy you want to see. Here's one suggestion, and then you're on your own. Pick of these nearly-pastby Meschitz Ivory-style ranches of Jane Austen novels? Produce a John Wood version of Austen's *Mansfield Park*. I am sure a built-up Ruffalo Grooms at Finny Pine, shuffling the frivolous Mary Crawford (Jennifer Aniston) with Alvy in *Claremont* during a winter game at the pensioner; wearing the affections of the sedulous dyspeptic Edmund Bertram, played by the suave Hong Kong singer-songwriter Chow Yee Fat, sporting ubiquitous Zippo and cigarette, and then dramatically blowing up Mansfield Park with a Semtex-rigged pineapple. You like, we love. CHARGE.

I remain, my young Cousin, over your mentor,

Mark Leyner

After completing the *Epiphany* of Joshua, I've earned a little consulting business of my own. I loiter around the lobbies of the IBM, Sony, and Seagun buildings, waiting for management-finding executives, up to whom I like, namechecking things like "Box or straight?" "Need a snow with that?" "You have anything smaller than a twenty?" in the hope that one of these newswriter-bureaucrats will finish me a cold million. As that great Stoic philosopher from Long Beach, California, Prosy Doggy Dog, says: You gotta keep your mind on your money and your money on your mind. ■

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LAST OF THE RED-HOT SYNERGISTS

Will Judith Regan ever get to be the Martha Stewart of multimedia?

JUDITH REGAN kept postponing a meeting we had planned. Finally, I got her on the phone to reschedule. "I'm not feeling well," says the editor and publisher of Howard Stern, Rush Limbaugh, and enough other lion-salutes to fill a location bureau in Mobile, Alabama.

"What's wrong?" I ask. "Let's just say it happens every month. And when you hit your forties, it's much more severe. It's called perimenopausal syndrome."

I suggest she incorporate the subject into the book she's writing, *The Art of Life for Idiots*.

"Maybe I'll just include photos," Regan replies. She bids, "Show about a scratch-and-sniff page!" Another pause. "Howard and I talked about a scratch-and-sniff cover for his book, but we could never agree on what it would be. He wanted farts and rums."

Hard to believe that this woman's role model is Martha Stewart.

It's not the taste the two share for country antiques that attracts her; it's that Stewart has done what Regan longs to do—transform herself into a celebrity developer of entertainment and information products that are equally viable across media. Thanks to a grant from Rupert Murdoch, who con-



Regan: "I will be horrified if I don't make this book."

vinced Regan with her own company and gave her an anonymous book advance at HarperCollins, she is two years into her quest to become—in her biographer's words—Douglas Coupland calls her—a "polymedia" star.

Regan is part of an elite crew trying to rescue the concept of synergy from the dustbin of 1980s media history. You remember synergy. It's the belief that one idea, one property, could sleep as used anywhere in a diversified me-

dia conglomerate and sprout profits in auditions after midsize Time and Warner week, and an entire industry warred for Paramount, all in response to the theory that cartoon characters could become TV shows, could become movies and videotapes and computer games, produced by our radio, telecast by our network, and sold in our stores.

Little remembered, but the mediacrats are still trying. Sony man, again, is the one example, how he's been pioneering on about synergies ever after the owner of their master synergist, Michael Schulhof. Can Judith Regan, a publisher of celebrity tell-all and self-help books, succeed where he and other moguls have merely blundered?

"If anyone can do it, Judith can," says Michael Fuchs, a sometime boyfriend and the former chairman of HBO. "She is extremely versatile. She's smart, she's tough in all the right ways, and she has a great suffer for what is important and what can become a real career. I would work with her any day—if I had a job or a company."

AS IT HAPPENED, the day I was supposed to get together with Regan was significantly unpropitious. During a meeting with the folks from Fox Broadcasting, one of Murdoch's other



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companies, a decision was made to alter a cable talk show in which she was to have starred. It was the second time in a year Fox had terminated a Reagan vehicle.

"I will be horrified if I don't make that work," she tells me. "We are, basically, in her office. In a corner of the reception room stands a rondo vase around which are strung a pair of pink boxing gloves. "I believe that Rupert Murdoch wants me to succeed in this," says Regan, a strikingly pretty brunette whom Howard Stern affectionately calls Jazz Pie, "because I think he thinks that we should all be acting this way."

Her audience is certainly boundless. She jumped rapidly from the seasonal staff of the *National Enquirer* to magazine editing to television production. In 1988, without any book-publishing expertise, she went to Denver to Schauer, where she made her mark as an editor of celebrity business and politically fractious blockbusters. A few years later she was in jail for arguing with a cop, plus her book lists of PMs, possums, and her useful divorce (a tactic she employs purposefully to test the mettle of new acquaintances), helped establish Regan as a controversial, if not at times loathed, literary figure.

Publishing fame left her disoriented,

though. Her first attempt to strike a polymedia deal was with Paramount. Steven de Schuerer's parent "It was a very good idea that she, if anyone, could have pulled off," Stanley Jaffe, Paramount's former president, says. "But a year later in the life of Judith at Paramount and early in the life of all ball

"The problem with being Murdoch's flavor of the month," says one News Corp. insider, "is that a month is not a very long time."

breaking out in the merger with Viacom. We got preoccupied."

Undaunted, Regan arranged to develop programs for Brillante-Grey, the Hollywood management and production powerhouse. But then Murdoch came calling. Brad Grey appears to have been the matchmaker. Friends of Grey's say Regan steamrolled over her erstwhile partner to do a deal with Murdoch.

"I told you how it happened," Regan, suddenly staid, responds when I ask about it. "I don't want to cross her. I've heard her, over dinner, playing revenge for perceived slights and heard another occasional boyfriend, graduated New York Times editor Martin Amis, call her "the second-toughest person I know." It is the second, perhaps, Murdoch agreed to form the Regan Company, which allows her to develop movies and television shows and publish her books. And, oh yes, to become a TV star.

Not easy. The business landscape is littered with the withering carcasses of polymedia arrangements that died shortening. At Time Warner, Regan's friend Tadahashi battled continuously with his corporate cousins Bob Daly and Jerry Seinfeld over the fees they charged HBO to home Warner Bros. films. Sony had high hopes for a big contract that allowed Michael Jackson to develop feature films, shorts, television programs, and, of course, music. "The forerunner of a new kind of entertainment deal," Mickey Schulhof called the plan. Five years later, Schulhof is gone and a Sony spokesman couldn't name one product besides music that had emerged from the arrangement. A Jackson adviser con-

MURDER, HE WROTE (IN HTML)

The latest site to take to the Internet, www.murder.com/, features webmasters painted by Jimmy Sargent, a federal State Prison inmate "voluntarily committed in 1991... of the highly publicized murder of the local's homicide detective."

These efforts to bypass established media and support organizations are examples of what futurists are calling "disintermediation"—literally, removing the middlemen.

Is it effective? Website www.cheapdrives.com, the site associated last May,

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FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES

NBC, which has badly lagged the other networks in daytime ratings, is experiencing a renaissance with *Days of Our Lives*. In January, the venerable soap opera became its best ratings in seven years among women aged 18-34 in the key demo. Better stories? Better characters? Not according to a lip-puckered scanning through the advertising industry. "The story," Jerome B. Denison, the director of national TV and programming at the J. Walter

STRAUSS ZELNICK'S BOOKMARKS

Favorite Web sites of the president and CEO of NBC Entertainment North America, parent company of America's *60 Minutes*, *PGA Tour*, and *Weekend Update*:

- ▼ **People Republic** (NBC Entertainment's black-music site) <http://www.nrpeople.com>
- ▼ **Car and Driver magazine** <http://www.caranddriver.com/index.html>
- ▼ **Internet** (Redeveloped Music Archive) <http://www.ima.com>
- ▼ **CNN Weather Main Page** (weatherwatch) <http://www.cnn.com/WEATHER/index.html>
- ▼ **NBC Online** <http://www.nbc.com>
- ▼ **Spidee** (a magazine for technology enthusiasts) <http://www.spidee.com>
- ▼ **Reflex** (a computer-extended Web show) <http://www.reflex.com/Reflex/index.html>
- ▼ **Wikipedia** (a European culture and travel guide) <http://www.wikipedia.com>

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THERE'S MORE TO EXPLORE IN BLACK.
Step by step, the rewarding taste builds in complexity.

ended that the venture was "built-in."

"Corporate politics and bureaucracy and means prevent mystery from happening," says Harold Vogel, a media analyst at Cowi & Co. and the author of *Entertainment Industry Economics*.

Rogan responds to such challenges with bravado: "Believe? I've never been bothered at all being on other people's turf. It's the other people who are bothered by it." "Money matters?" "The problem is it's the money people who've been making the decisions, not the creative people."

FOR THE MOST PART, though, Rogan has approached polymedia development with a caution that belies her bullishness. Indeed, in two years, she boasts only one property that has advanced beyond the concept stage: a book and a television miniseries about the deadly standoff between Federal agents and right-wing extremists at Ruby Ridge.

Ruger from the start, says author Jon Walter, Rogan told him she wanted to produce both the book and the TV show, but she refused to compromise the former to benefit the latter. "I was concerned about a conflict," says the 39-year-old Walter, who got \$10,000

for the book and, reportedly, another \$10,000 for the television rights. "What if I got a television offer that meets my criteria of journalistic integrity but doesn't pay as much to her, and she gets an offer of twice as much from someone who wants to turn Ruby Ridge into a sitcom? But her only concern was the quality of the book and making sure the movie reflected it."

She even resisted changing its title from *Walter's Ruby Ridge: Shot Red to something more subtle when the author worried about the need for respect. "People should understand that there's poetry in the book," she reassured him.*

Given Rogan's grand vision, however, there was a flaw in the process: Fox Broadcasting passed on the project. With Rogan as executive producer, *Ruby Ridge* will flow to a scheduled slot on the month on CBS. Thus—plus the cancellation of her Fox program—makes Murdoch wonder if Fox was right. Rogan will have the clout to realize her polymedia dreams.

"In the early days, she was the flavor of the month," says one News Corp. insider. "The problem with being Rogan's flavor of the month is that a month is not a very long time." The fact that Rogan recently released her

own office from News Corp.'s building on Manhattan's South Avenue to the HarperCollins headquarters off Madison Avenue is "incredibly significant," says this skeptic. "It means she's back to being a book publisher" (Murdoch, in a letter, declined to comment on Rogan. "My travel schedule is quite heavy this year," he wrote me.)

Are you flustered? Unlike Rogan. "No, because I haven't been overly anxious for TV and film projects. I was too busy with the TV show. I've been looking for books" (Indeed, she had three bestsellers in the winter and has another hot read right now with O.J. prosecutor Chris Darden's *In Contempt*). She points out that five executives, up to and including Murdoch, were so excited about another polymedia project—a book/television deal for Douglas Crockford's *Microsoft*—that they quickly purchased the possibility of other offers. And if Fox TV or Foxsearch Century Fox or other Murdoch divisions aren't interested in her forthcoming material, she'll happily call on other companies. "This is about catching and seizing opportunities and running with them."

In case I've missed the point about who will benefit there, she adds: "Synergy is a crack of shit."

Thompson advertising agency, tells me, "In that Rogan is benefiting from all the marketing on Friends, it seems to clear some grounds."

NBC executives vehemently deny a connection. Says, they say, was on a hold long before it became a *Friends* pilot this season, with Ned Flanders' character leading a role on the soap. Indeed, its face-to-face show—a 10

during the first quarter of this year—while up 1.6 million points from a year earlier, was exactly the same as it was in the last quarter of 1995. "To put all the emphasis on this show's performance on a couple of *Friends* episodes is just not fair," complains Ned DeGennet, NBC's VP of audience measurement.

Maybe it's colder than that, however. After all, for two years, NBC has been peddling the fact that *Friends* star Jennifer Aniston (right) is the daughter of long-time *Days of Our Lives* actress "Nothing on television," says DeGennet, "bypasses by accident."

THE NEW YORKER? PERHAPS THE NEW YORKER

Just when will *The New Yorker* become profitable? The Newhouse media empire has been spending varying amounts to this living question.



In recent *Wall Street Journal* financial disclosures of the Newhouse family's famously private multimedia business, chairman John Newhouse himself said that *The New Yorker* will not turn a profit until next year, twelve years after he bought it for \$100 million. But Newhouse executives apparently forget that they lost *The New York Times* that *The New Yorker* turned a profit in 1986 after breaking even in 1980.

Which numbers are real? As always, we decide to discuss our profitability, "a Newhouse company spokesman said, giving for the moment that

the company had discussed its profitability with the *Financial Times*, *Journal*, *Globe*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Franklin*, the president of the *New Yorker*, David B. Glick, and the president of the *New Yorker*, David B. Glick.

alt.madison-avenue

It's one of marketing's most quietest cashiers. Newer's spending any real money on advertising on the World Wide Web. But executives are betting that commercialism is just around the corner. For evidence, consider DDB Group, Inc., a New York City agency specializing in Web-writing, which was public in December with minimal earnings and a handful of clients. Three months later, with its 15.7 million shares trading at \$22 each, DDB was worth some \$345 million—or more than \$2 billion for each of its 252 employees. By contrast, look at America's two largest advertising companies, the Interpublic Group (parent of McGraw-Hill, the New York Group, and America's Public Links) and the Omnicom Group (parent of BBDO, BBDO Worldwide, and TBWA).

Don't say: With revenues of more than \$2 billion each and total market value of \$3.4 billion and \$2.8 billion, respectively, they were still not as big as \$200,000 per employee. Proving, in *Wall Street's* eyes, at least, that where there's a sign, there's hope.



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It inspires cruelty.

It can only end in
boredom. And yet
there may be nothing
sweeter.

By Lynn Darling

FOR BETTER AND WORSE



for life. So why do we watch in horror, groklers at a traffic accident, when a marriage breaks up?

Because marriage has become the coin of our personal happiness, which makes it a savage business.

WHEN I WAS SINGLE, I REQUESTED MARRIAGE WITH DROWNING. Your identity disappeared, your privacy was needed, your self submerged. After I married, I found out that I was right, what I hadn't known was how much of an unpleasant I could be.

It is early in our marriage. My husband and I are at a dinner party. It is one of the first we have attended together, so we have not yet worked out our public personas, the two-headed wonderlike set all married couples become in other people's living rooms. We have not yet developed the group of people who will become our friends.

This time, we happen to be at a table surrounded by mine. I am very nervous, and because I am very nervous and like to drink, I drink too much. The Jack Daniel's makes me long for a Carmel. The cigarette is a nuisance, a declaration of allegiance to my own self, and although I officially give up smoking several years ago, I enjoy the throaty rasp of the smoke with an amphetamine, albeit pleasant.

Late in the evening, I look down the table from the warm interior of some prolonged fit of liquor-enhanced laughter to see my husband's cold, trembling face. I know she looks on his face. It is the look that says, This is not the Woman Who Loves Schubert's String Quartet in G. This is the woman my wife warned me about, the Tacky Little Floozy Who Will Ruin My Life. Without saying another word to me, my husband leaves the table and drives home, leaving me to find my own way back.

My self-indulgence, my lack of concern, he tells me later, has disappointed him. I handle, not seeing that his anger obscures his fear that he really has slipped onto a runaway train. I am only the way in which I have become the flawed reflection of his self-love. Am we really now meant to be mirrors of each other? Does every possible thing we do raise or lower our sense of ourselves in the world accordingly?

The answer, I learned in time, was yes, of course. Married couples are hybrids, forced blooms, and we make ungainly composites in the beginning, making in public, like transients before the hotel but after the hermetic treatments have begun.

It is an unnatural way to live, but that is not necessarily a bad thing. The quiet fraud of conspiracy, the shared oppression and the shared victory—These eyes Updike wrote, "Had married and merged to these"—begins to accumulate weight and meaning. Over the years, the dry wit and the dark jokes and the occasional bleeding beauty of another soul make things like abrupt departures and stolen cigarettes not worth the fight. Maybe marriage isn't the great civilizer conservative postmodernists want it to be, but at least it is a medium—a theater for our mobility.

MARRIAGES, AFTER ALL, BEGIN IN DELUSIONS. IN THE drag of love, in a lie-of-not knowing who you are and who the other one is can be called a lie. In the Richard Yates novel Revolutionary Road, a wife reflects on how a boy she liked to lose after he walked her home from a party became her husband. "The only real mistake, the only wrong and dishonest thing, was ever to have seen him as anything more than that. Oh, for a month or two, just for fun, it might be all right to play a game like that with a boy, but all these years? And all because, in a moment—only a lonely time long ago, she had found it easy and agreeable to believe whatever this one particular boy felt like saying, and to repay him for that pleasure by telling easy, agreeable lies of her own, until such was saying what the other most wanted to hear—until he was saying, 'I love you' and she was saying, 'Really, I mean it, you're the most interesting person I've ever met.' What a subtle, teacher-like thing it was to let yourself go that way."

All marriages begin in myth. The myth is the compass under which the real marriage takes shape, the cradling of the couple, like the breakup of the ice on a spring-swollen river, is a deflating thing. In any case, the original myth was all the stronger because of the destruction no certain had occurred. Since we had plundered one marriage to make another, our particular myth, the romance of two souls so made for each other that the chance of no one could stand in their way, gave way only reluctantly to the reality of daily life. You do not break up a marriage only to argue over the dishes with the one who was intent to take you away from the near-perpetual dulcinea of arguing over the dishes.

We fought, we attacked our knees, we turned the poison in each other.

All marriages are mended garments. In marriage, you don't make it all better; you get over it. By marrying, Robert Louis Stevenson warned, "you have willfully introduced a woman into your life... and can no longer close the mind's eye upon unsexed passions, but must stand up straight and put a name upon your actions." Because if you don't, she will.

"Every major argument has a cost, a potential parting of the ways, when you can say, 'That's it, it's over,' says a friend who has been married for seventeen years. "Then you think, I can't shut down my whole life, and you don't, but there's a price, an unhappiness that gets woven in, and you deal with it. Some drink, some smoke, some get religious, some have affairs. But if you leave, you could lose a lot that you value. What if you married a second time and were just as unhappy? Marriage isn't a tradeable commodity, it's an element you live in."

I remember after one of our early rows, my husband and I emerged into the light of the afternoon to look at an apartment we had an appointment to see. The woman renting the place stared at me quizzically. She was trying to place me, and to time she did. It turned out that she was my ex-boyfriend's ex-wife. She and I laughed unashamedly over the coincidence, but my husband was visibly shaken.

There's this person in my back pocket, the one I might have been had I not married. She worries me.

by the breathtaking fragility of human arrangements. We both felt the window rattle; it could act it was the first time he had considered the idea that we might not be together forever. I think for a time we treated each other more carefully after that, having become more aware of the tremors beneath our feet.

"MY WIFE IS BECOMING LESS INTERESTED IN ME," a friend tells me over lunch. He says this with calm resignation, as if describing the ingratiating habits of pigs. "What I don't think she expected is how much his wife I would turn out to be." And he? Is he less interested in her? "What's surprising to me still is the things you don't know, the ways in which the other becomes a stranger to you. That's disappointing, because there was once a sense that you could talk about anything, that you would tell each other everything." But that, he says, was "back in the time when you could be honest without being hurtful," back before the power plays made every observation a criticism, every criticism a hand grenade.

We put each other on leashes, we use the leash like whips. The leashes vary from couple to couple. There's a friend whose husband has reasoned that the road short skirts because, he says, her legs aren't good enough. On the other hand, she goes off to Paris every year by herself for ten days. Ridic, and he doesn't blink twice. I wear what I want to wear, but if I were to propose such a trip to them, both my husband and I would consider the idea tantamount to a divorce decree. We are each accountable to the other, and that accountability is both the best and worst part of marriage. It keeps you sane. It also drives you crazy.

Five years into our marriage, we are living in New York. Things have changed. We are no longer the scandalous couple of the small-town gossip mill of Washington, D.C. I am no longer the upstart, my husband is no longer the keeper of all my appetites. New York dangles me. Unhinged from the rears of delectable Pottery Barn parties, I become restless, ready for something new. The lights grow brighter. I want a child and he does not. Our myth is crumbling. Privately, I think, we both pull out a set of scales, begin to wonder if what we have given up is worth what we got. There are nights when we sit by the dinner table with nothing to say to each other, and I remember all the nights in restaurants when I have watched each other between wine sips, with silent contempt, wondering how they ever got this way.

My husband goes on a trip, for six weeks, to Africa. For the first time in a long while, I am completely alone. Before long, I am deep into alcohol. I take a long walk at night in the rain, making it the fact that there is no one waiting for me at home, aggrieved and wanting dinner. I spend an afternoon listening to Linda Ronstadt, a singer my husband hates, while listening, as so nervously he feels ridiculously mindless in the morning, I open the refrigerator

and drink orange juice straight from the carton, a habit that I have contended since I saw him when he caught me in the act. In social settings, on my own now, not part of a couple, I had out my own camouflage—namely, flattery, argumentative, the persona I adopted when I was single. It's a bit tattered here and there, but it still works.

I am having, I realize, an affair with myself. It is an innocent adultery as those things go, but it still feels like a betrayal—of the person I am with my husband, the one who represents my half of the couple.

When my husband returns, I am glad to see him and relieved that I am glad, that my life is simply better with him in it. We are interesting to each other again. But now there is this being, folded up again in my back pocket, this dopplegänger, the person I might have been had I not married. She worries me.

There are cycles in this domestic life—times when you're in love times when you coexist as amiable roommates, too busy to take much notice of each other as long as the domestic machinery is humming along, times, too, when the air becomes too thin for you to breathe, the walls between you as translucent as membranes when what you want is good, thick concrete.

I think that is when the looking begins. The sharp turn to the casual comment, the stubborn refusal to give in, are the holes we puncture in the top of the lid to make sure we're enough or just in.

A friend of mine, recently divorced, is sitting in our living room after dinner. We are talking about Tennessee Square, a subject I know nothing about, unlike my husband, the former foreign editor of two major newspapers. We are not discussing the righteousness of the current foreign policy toward China. We are tracing over some particularly outrageous point of fact. We cover the same rocky patch of ground for several innumerable moments while some still-sane remnant of my character wonders why it is so important that I win this argument.

I look at my friend, the survivor of a cruel marriage and a crueler divorce. She is smiling. I ask her why. "I just remembered why I'm glad I'm not married anymore," she says.

In the cancer ward, my husband is dying. In the next bed lies an elderly man, dry as parchment. His wife sits next to him, their two voices sipping each other, the insistent hallel of intransigence.

"I told you to call her."
"You never mentioned it."
"I just thought it would be better for you, that's all."
"Why? You were thinking of me? Since when have you thought about me?"

Love me. Leave me alone. Love me. Remember that once you loved me. Love me. But never forget that you will never know me. There was something oddly reassuring about their voices, about the instant dance in that room

whose accompaniment among the TV tubes, a television against the day when one of the voices stops.

EVERY MARRIAGE HAS A STORY, SAYS A FRIEND OF MINE, a plot twist: "a critical moment that changes things, like a one after a bad storm, the event that colored their whole lives—till that day so far, we lost the money when the market crashed. So that where you end up is not where you began, which at both the heaven and the hell of marriage. You are not who you were and are not who she was, and the balance on any given day, of whether that is a good or a bad thing, shifts precariously."

My marriage assumed its final form on a day in April lived in green when my husband walked to a kitchen in a Washington suburb and delivered the eulogy for his twelve-year-old and only son.

He talked about his son's short life, and at the end he asked the congregation to say the boy's name out loud together one last time. And all that I know about love and courage and discipline now, I learned from looking at his face as he listened while we did as he asked.

I sat in a pew with the boy's mother, whose strength and generosity still amazed me, and his two sisters, my stepdaughters, just entering their own spring. Around us sat a forest of people who had hugged the family and kept them afloat for a terrible week and would continue to do so in the years ahead. This was the community in which my husband and I had taken our place together.

I knew many of their stories. Some of these people were pompous and proud, some dull and stingy with their affection, others greedy in their ambition, a few intimidated in their goodness. But that day, it wasn't their foibles that caught the light, it was the moment, angled not at them, the strength of that act, the weight it could support. The terrible accuracy of other people at last came home to me.

My husband and I would never be the same after what happened to our son. The moment when I understood the horror and the legacy of that day, the way in which we had been changed, the way in which our knowledge of each other was unfathomably deepened, the way in which we were inextricably a part of each other was the moment when I felt I finally knew what it meant to be married.

IN LOVE, SPHERE WHITE, "THERE ARE FOUR POWERS: love, habit, time, and boredom. Love and habit at short range are immensely powerful, but time, lacking a minus charge, neutralizes immensity, and with its brother boredom is all."

My married friends and I talk about adultery sometimes. Late at night, on the rare evenings we are up late at night, or on the phone, on the more frequent afternoons when we are avoiding the things we have to do, we discuss the weariness of the idea that we will never make love to anyone new. Implicit in the conversation is the idea that none of us has.

At an late-night dinner party, the question on the table is what constitutes adultery, where we draw the line. Drunken teasing is a tumbler. An out-of-town blow job? We are going outside a little, wondering what we would do, wondering whether we are here doing it.

The couple next to the table argued at length. The answer lay in adultery, they tell us. They have much to learn. They think adultery is about sex.

Not all of us find adultery an interesting question—there is one participant in the conversation who insists that he would rather eat an olive than make love. It is a sensible attitude, and I envy him to the same degree to which he accuses me. I prefer his position to the other thing and perhaps now pity about adultery to be found there: deep—we are all too busy, too tired, too well-satisfied, the theory goes, is adultery is that sort of thing. According to this line of thinking, adultery is a syndrome like alcohol addiction, a link in the family genes. Or adultery is, quite simply, something people did in the silence instead of watching pay-per-view.

But the fact is, adultery is always an event, an innocent tongue sticking out the same tooth. Marriage demands virtue, but virtue is an aspiration, and what is lost is one of the things that make one feel most alive. Done as such as another man, so perfectly hidden, that it doesn't have much to do with morality or guilt or virtue or sinfulness and shouldn't have to answer to any such judgments. But there is no way to reconcile the satisfactions of asking love with the leap year heart takes when you're reaching someone you have thought about reaching for a long, long time.

There is a depth of intimacy to demonstrated love-making that nothing can equal, yet there are times when the idea of making love to one person for the rest of your life can make your head hurt. So where does that leave us apart from staring at the ceiling at three o'clock in the morning or at each other over the remnants of the toaster? I don't know. Marriage, when it works, is a mystery made up of such a complicated ebb and flow of affection, attention, fury, trust, and gradually unfolding understanding that with the right person it's not a bad way to live a life. But if it means giving up fire and hot kisses, then it seems like more than a little death. So one is left with a simple choice: self-denial or betrayal, surrender or escape, earth or air, or fire, or water.

We are of course not to take the little white lie open to the loophole, to reach the same way that I continue not to make love because I promised that I haven't smoked my last cigarette. But in the mid, adultery—real, old-fashioned sex with someone else—is a fairly stupid game. One of the best marriages I know, one in which the levels of sanity and self-respect, consideration and consideration, are impressively high, involves a couple for whom the peak seas of the ceremonial after has seen each of them through an extended siege of the other's contentment. I've seen totally faithful marriages for which the only suitable solution is a very, very, very small one.

For most of us, adultery is a gauge to the stage and status of our marriage. Most of us sitting around the table as an infelicitous age, too old to consider ourselves young, too young to consider ourselves old. Our preoccupation with the subject is in part a generational legacy. The erotic shroud of Woodstock is the benchmark against which we measure ourselves. Unlike people now in their twenties, who grew up in a harder school and know a good deal about what they see, we were not after controversy but off-balance. The past ten years has seen a surge in what are now called "interior" marriages, as ephemeral as spring. My tribe smiled for living together. We got around to marriage late and cautiously, perhaps too late ever to achieve the kind of seamless duet where the border of our personality blends inconspicuously into the other.

It was at the funeral for my husband's son that I finally knew: I knew what it meant to be married.

Singles say the merest kiss is adultery. They have much to learn. They think adultery is about sex.

For us, then, adultery is a metaphor for what's been given up, the emotional quality of experience, the reason for the assertion of privacy and independence. Its promise as protection against the kind of cold comfort that Edith Wharton's protagonist in *The Age of Innocence* carries after giving up the woman he loves for the woman he has promised to marry. "These long years together had shown him that it did not so much matter if marriage was a cold duty, as long as it kept the dignity of a duty, lapsing from that, it became a mere battle of ugly appetites."

We have no modern affinity for the Edwardian sense of sacrifice as an endorser of high Marriage has a dangerous relationship with happiness. It was meant to be measured in terms of economic necessity, not by the yardstick of capitalism. "At once as [men and women] introduce into their private life a sort of mathematical system of cost accounting—they cannot fail to become aware of the heavy personal sacrifice that liberty has and especially perceived small under modern conditions," wrote the economist Joseph Schumpeter in 1920.

On the other hand, adultery is at best a stopgap measure. We need other, more contemporary answers to the dry not that sex is, to the slow, insidious secretions of acid and lethal truths that a lifetime—or even the prospect of a lifetime's accumulation of microscopic observations yields. Surprisingly, the Republican radicals in Congress may have come up with the solution for what ails marriage: It's simple, it's facile, it's pragmatic in the superficial way today's politics demands. The answer to marriage's downward trend is the same as their answer to congressional trends and unresponsiveness: term limits.

Instead of getting married for life, men and women (in whatever combination) start their sexual orientation whenever convenient for a seven-year hitch. At the end of these seven years, they want to remarry for another seven, they may do so. But after that, the marriage is over. Those who wish to stay together after that may live in what used to be called sin. There would be minor penalties, such as forcing of the law might be a misdemeanor, akin to smoking dope.

Such penalties would naturally lead to some incarceration, but on the other hand there would be the risk of dilution, a whiff of contempt, a loss of long-term collaboration that could jump things up considerably. Other benefits are obvious. No more stigmas attached to the children of divorced parents, all marriages would end equally. No more divorce lawyers. No more fifth-wheel-waiting-unwilling parties to attend.

After the seven or fourteen years, one could move on to another marriage, perhaps, but maybe to something less restrictive. The go-kippie in me says that it should be possible after marriage to evolve to a higher plane, to living arrangements involving ex-lovers, best friends, children, stray cats, and green plants that create the sweet rhythms of domestic life we look for in marriage while allowing room for the hard-wired finances necessary for adult sanity.

But the realist in me remembers that there is no way you are going to put up with another person's production for unwashed dishes or Frank Sinatra unless you are inextricably entwined with the perpetrator, both physically and financially. So I think we're probably stuck with marriage, even if what you end up with is the price of the divorce, that the rest of you have weathered the storm, that you still cherish the person and all he has meant to you. Even if what you end up with is the consolation of a friend of mine came to "I still can't imagine being happier," he says. "I just didn't realize how unhappy I could become."

REMEMBER IF A SLUT, OPEN TO ANY INTERPRETATION. I live in three time zones these days—past, present, and future. I think about the person I was before I married and worry that the demons in her will come back to haunt me. I think about the future only when it slips in the unexpected interim. Wallowing about on rental abuse, scanning the crowd for my five-year-old daughter, I see a man sitting at a table from the back, he looks a little like my husband. There is a rush of fond surprise and then a chill. I imagine making the same mistake in later years, when it is not followed by the realization that my husband is, in fact, at home.

Personal illness and lack of time perform a Kleebs-like obfuscation on the dull laquear of years. There are moments when my husband and I are back in the year one, and all the reasons we fell in love are so apparent, the barracks of grievances and irritation removed so completely that I become furious with marriage for the way it buries love in the sludge of who takes out the trash, the way someone replaces a toaster.

But then it is a Sunday afternoon. My husband and I are playing Monopoly junior with our daughter. Cher Baker's trumpet fills the room. I heard jazz when I was single, but now our marriage is steeped in this music, in the way I have changed and the things I've come to know, an exasperation and elegance, in the poetry of darkness, in the silence of each other's company. I see the ways my husband would use me, the ways I loved him. There is still pain in the phantom limbs lost in the making of this marriage, but at that moment the loss seems a manageable part of the trade. I see only the contrast and kindness that marriage elicits, not the cost, and it seems to me that it gives us our only chance to be honest. I want the song Baker is playing never to end.

I don't think anyone chooses to be a hero, not after they know the price to be paid. I know I don't want to be changed again, to be blinded, smothered, to put down the sharp ends of my personality to fit into the too-small allowances made for there. But I know it who I was and who I am, and I want to be nowhere except where I am now, even though, and perhaps because, I know it is the one thing I will not be given. And while the song is playing, I know that, yes, I would marry again, if I could simply marry the very same man. ■

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Michael, Dennis, and Scottie present one smiling, friendly face to Madison Avenue and quite another when the public isn't looking. A study in celebrity madness.

By Mark Heisler

the bull game



IT IS NOW IT USED TO BE, A SLIPSY Sunday morning, the guys, a game. Before Michael Jordan became the most popular athlete on earth, he was a kid happily playing basketball with his friends, which is what he's doing as the Chicago Bulls ease through a practice. If his gift has turned him into something he can't control or hide from—Madison Avenue cash cow movie star, and, say, some, even a faith healer—where is a still someplace he can go where it's almost the way it was.

It's a rare day for the Bulls: no team officials, fans, bodyguards, or camera crews around. Not even the desperate kids who wear their basketball socks upside down like scarves outside the parking lot for hours on icy winter days, chilled at a word from a journeymen like Bill Warrington (This sounds Warrington. "Sometimes I don't even wait for me," he says.)

The curtain that always covers the

is the inner truth? Mike must win, Scottie must be Mike, and Dennis must be out of his mind.

They're so pumped with fame, they don't know which end is up.

premiere window is up, since no press people are expected. Soundless behind the glass, the players float through their drifft like figures in a dream.

In wondrous gear, Jordan looks as sophisticated as Cary Grant. Mike's wearing a light-gray vest with the sleeves cut off, revealing armbands, gloriously defined arms. His gray sweatpants are rolled up at the bottoms into makeshift cuffs. He has on 1115 Nike Air Jordans, white, trimmed with black patent leather, from a dunnage, so looks as if he's wearing them shoe and sock. In fact, he is, despite all the foam.

Coach Phil Jackson has his players throwing overhead passes to one another across the court. Jordan, not coming back from his brief off-court adventure, puts off with Scarce. Pippin Pippin squats like a canker, Jordan jumps up like a pander. His hands are so big, he can grab a basketball, rock his wrist, and fire it like a football. For a moment, they're not rich megastars, dirty with fame. It's as if Mike never ran away and Scarce never tried to corner career suicide. They have transcended their innocence.

Whenever he goes, the eye follows Jordan. It is this grace and intensity that has inspired adoration, unleashing a new young man's ego so wonder where it will be beauty, oddity, the trouble starts.

ON GAME DAY, LIFE IS BACK TO NORMAL in this traveling psycho ward of celebrity, which means wall to wall. The Bulls are off to the fastest start in NBA history, and their fans have a prize of their own in mind.

Dennis Rodman's prey. After every game, he goes away the one he's wanted, very very own item, collectible, rarely worth thousands to new-players (like, okay, too) piece of the actual Bad Boy lingo.

There are, as usual, a half dozen pretty women holding up banners, offering to make their skins for his trophies. Top A girl sitting outside has a dog, and it's an Irish a-cow. There's a fourteen-year-old boy who has bleached his hair blond to get Rodman's attention, but it's okay, the boy's mom is with him, and she thinks it's fun.

Rodman steps to the front, showing off his trademark arm, back, and navel

once again, and gives the hundred-dollar prize to a ten-year-old named Matthew who has just passed. A TV camera crew comes running over to interview Matthew, who says he's really happy, and Dennis is the greatest.

There is talk on the Bulls—Jordan, Pippen, Rodman, and Jackson—jammed hotel lobbies paraded by groups of eager desperation and social class, players getting calls asking for Michael's room number or Dennis's code name. In the playoffs, when things are really loose, the team use bodyguards, and everyone was a fake name. Phil Jackson, an adherent of Native American culture, dresses in under pseudonyms like Mr. Red Cloud.

After a game in Detroit, where tomorrow pulls up to the Bulls' bus in the named under the Palace of Auburn Hills—Archie Franklin, the Queen of Soul, come to visit Michael, who claps in for a chat. A royal trip, pop or glam, doesn't guarantee an audience, however. Chai, in Washington, D.C., a South Asian princess asked to visit Jordan who was named down. Saul Bellow ran Tim Hutton every day. "There's a crown prince in every city."

The Bulls got used to rockstar treatment early in the Jordan era, but with Rodman's rise to star down playing off Mike's all-American style, the hype has increased exponentially. There's more hype, anything like them, the quasi-sacred personality drama, superstitions, pop jocks of the NBA and the whole culture of celebrity.

The anguished—Michael, Skip, Dennis—now married coaches, owners, their agent, and agent in general. "When Jordan married Barbara Williams, who delivered Anna Jordan, couldn't get his attorney on camera to explain why he left. When Mike was returning, President Clinton, announcing the creation of 11 million jobs, added, "If Michael Jordan comes back to the Bulls, it'll be 12 million."

Once, athletes served at the pleasure of the bosses, now the great ones rule, their ego unbridled and their sense of accountability diminishing. And as the stars become more and the press reduces itself to paparazzi, there's less to get more news.

Spotlighting Jordan off back-to-back Super Bowl champions five

times, he's been in dispute over who deserves the credit.

Incomparable Defensive Back double as mediocre outfielder, drops in at midseason for my author contract, helps second team in two years with Super Bowl.

Spinal-leg-Gabbing Owner backs incomparable Defensive Back's contract to independent deal with Imperial Smelter Company as commissioner forces helplessly.

Baseball's Greatest Player retires at thirty and takes up baseball, which he hasn't played since childhood.

Greatest Player's Agent tries to doze daily player's season, boasts he'll take star clients and form new league with Imperial Smelter Company.

Baseball's Greatest Player's Agent tries to doze daily player's season, boasts he'll take star clients and form new league with Imperial Smelter Company.

Greatest Player's Teammate walks out in fit of rage with 100 pounds left in playoff game.

Tattooed Player does self-oriented sex goddamn, devotes team, wins fame as moveable, is traded to Greatest Player's club, helps it chase to improve.

Donated heights, and darkness to work it, too.

It was Jordan, of course, who dropped out on the Bulls in mid-July and just as unexpectedly, dropped back in on them two seasons later. It was Pippin who me down when Jordan got the last shot to someone else. It was Rodman who took up with Michael and took off on the Bulls.

It was Rodman, as well, who ended down line that season. In a confrontation with the officials, Rodman grabbed his crotch and, according to a witness, said, "This is for you," then burst off. Ted Bernhardt in the lead. He was suspended for six games, raising the specter that after a relatively tranquil season for Rodman, he would do it to the Bulls who he had already done to the Spurs, make everyone tense.

It's not that our heroes are ungrateful sociopaths; they've just been pumped so full of adulation, they don't know which end is up. The world has gone crazy around them, and it has taken them with it.

ON, NO, IT'S BATTERING AGAIN. No All-Star Game appearance in four years. Forget about Dennis Tinsley. Once, the coaches voted Rodman delin-

ent player of the year but kept him out of the All-Star Game. Now, playing on the team of the decade, looking the league in redefining, third in his balling. Among Easterners, Dennis gets called for the All-Star team again. Of course, he knows why they're doing it to him, and he doesn't give a damn.

"I say the hell with trying to be like everybody else, and I'm not going to cry about it," he says into a cluster of tape recorders and cameras in the visitors' dressing room in Houston.

Or he does give a damn and is going to cry about it.

"I just think it's a personal vendetta between me and the league and the coaches," he says. "I don't like me, period. I think that's what it is."

Like the character in the Kris Kristofferson ballad, Rodman is a walking contradiction, partly truth, partly fiction. His comments, a stream-of-consciousness torrent of torrent and alienation, cancel one another out, offering only the vague clue to what's going on inside his (or-eyed) head. The effect is what you imagine it would be if you Gogh had given interviews.

For the troubled Rodman, if success was a long time, and he went off the backboard and celebrated a minor four-foot prayer at the buzzer. Rodman had magic legs, unusual enough, and a burning down but few skills involving the basketball other than a knock for weaving it, at which he was a genius.

Of course, this only made Rodman a good player. Celebrity required something else—a breakthrough.

In the early nineties, with the Pistons run over his beloved ones, Chuck Daly got, and he had his friends, but Rodman arrived in one piece, was reasonably personable (and, two minutes later, everything), and played his usual game.

Chicago fell in love with Dennis. He has got on two radio shows and a TV show, and he would be writing a San Antonio column if the Bulls hadn't hired it. He makes promotional appearances, is happy to take off his shirt for photographers, and will discuss pants and underwear, too. After years of censoring through his own wilderness, Rodman is home, or as close as he gets.

He's sitting in Gibson, a steak place on North Rusk Street, after a game. Ch-

go the style from him, not vice versa. Dennis says he wasn't as strong as he is the press made him look.

"You, that's what you read in the paper, but you didn't take it to me personally," Rodman says. "I'll damn sure tell you they want to write. It all ends up where I am today. It's so much in reality, how much I didn't go to the hospital or see a doctor if I was so much in a heap. I mean because my wife—no, she's just ridiculous. And I'm still nervous today better than ever."

That spring, he broke down in a heartrending interview with ESPN's Ray Pincus, weeping openly about the end of his marriage and his separation from his young daughter.

Rodman says he's a famous outlaw. He is the one Spur story to him, Jack Haley, tell the story. Pop Dora falls in love or just with incredibly living Ray Toy, announces she wants to have his baby, proposes marriage, drops him like a hot potato in a bank of wilds where who runs the relationship. Rodman doesn't want to talk about it now, because it's in his new book, *Bad as I Wanna Be* (Delacorte, \$24.95).

A year later, a new management team, strange at its predecessor's promise to integrate Rodman's contract. Rodman fought coach Bob Hill, and, after joining the NBA's new record, the Spurs disgraced again in the playoffs.

Rodman was thirty-four and persons not quite in San Antonio and most other NBA cities. Then it was no real surprise when the Bulls, who had always produced their existence on good people, traded for him.

Everyone held his breath, but Rodman arrived in one piece, was reasonably personable (and, two minutes later, everything), and played his usual game.

Chicago fell in love with Dennis. He has got on two radio shows and a TV show, and he would be writing a San Antonio column if the Bulls hadn't hired it. He makes promotional appearances, is happy to take off his shirt for photographers, and will discuss pants and underwear, too. After years of censoring through his own wilderness, Rodman is home, or as close as he gets.

He left a George Thonville, an off-duty Chicago cop who looks after him (They've just made it here from the United States in about eight minutes). On his right is his personal assistant, Dwight Morley. Across the table are a pretty girl named Linda, her boyfriend, and assorted gay friends like, Greg Joseph. Joseph just had his hair dyed blond, a la Dennis. At an adjoining table or two body cops, friends of George's.

No one talks basketball. There's a lot of abstruse conversation about Dennis's sex life, masturbation, whom Dennis can invite on his junkie to Las Vegas over the All-Star break, the condescensions of Howard Stern's column, Robin Quivers.

Quivers after game had dinner with Quivers after game. Quivers's radio show when the Bulls were in New York City. Quivers and he was surprised to find Dennis was so nice. "I thought the advertising," he said, laughing.

Dennis tells the gang at Gibson that Robin has "more rock."

George, the cop, is a regular, but Morley, who's flown in from Los Angeles to coordinate (i.e., make sure Dennis shows up for) some promotional stuff, doesn't know the others at the table. "Huge guys," Morley says.

This is a new Dennis like it-cops, guys, managers, writers, everyone, nothing, no one having to pretend to be anything like what he is.

"I'm happy with the Bulls 'cause here it's like they don't give a damn what you do," he says. "Long as you do what you have to do. In San Antonio, they were so worried about what the hell I was doing or who I was sleeping with and all that kind of crap. If I went to a gay bar—OK, she's best to a gay bar, we're going to kick him on outta here."

Here, they don't give a damn about a gay bar. Most of the fans here are gay, so what the hell?

Crosses one of George's cop friends at the next table in a famous "fuck?"

None of the gay guys seem offended. Whatever is going on here, it's a goof for everyone.

There is a tag of war between Rodman's straight friends, like Morley, and his gay friends, or acquaintances. Haley, married with children, says the gay thing is a total hype, that Dennis

has been to only one or two gay bars in his life, except when he had some writer in tow. Then, says Haley, "he's either going to go gay or go naked."

Adapt at giving everyone something new, Rodman has even suggested that he's settling down, telling *Playboy* he's faithful to his girlfriend, Stacy Silverthorn, perhaps as a way of thanking her for giving him a new life. He said he must hate when away from her rather than close to her. Dennis

"Whoever he's with is his girl," says a friend. "Dennis will never say no to a girl."

Everyone has a good time at Osborne in a group of friends, however, and Rodman is different, no longer so shy or difficult to engage.

No moment except for Haley, whom the Bulls have proudly signed, Rodman remains a mystery or would if they give it any thought. "I don't bother him off the floor, so he's nothing to me," says Pippen. "To me, he's just a quiet person, he's really not a mystery."

Free people and Bulls staffers are as proud to find Rodman as lovable. Repetition and attack notwithstanding, he's a mellow guy, if a bewildered one, anxious to avoid the appearance of needing anyone, even more anxious to be loved. He may not know what he wants, but he knows what he's doing.

"I envision people, and people have to understand that what is his motivation," he says. "It gives people another life besides working, the type of money that they do every day. But after that, I'm pretty much back to Dennis Rodman, you know? It's more like being an actor but it's real."

But, Rodman bring Rodman, there's a fine line between entertaining and going mad. Michael, for instance, won't so

entertain by the famous head-banging incident. He let people down, and Jordan, "who gave him an opportunity to prove himself." A lot of what you see in Dennis is his image and persona. He has continued to feed off that, and that's very dangerous to his team's success."

The party at Osborne breaks up. After much kidding about what it's worth to him, Dennis fans Linda get behind the wheel of his truck. She

Friday the day, May 1994, when he took his famous shot in game three of the playoff series against the Knicks. Jordan was gone, Horace Grant was on his way out, and it looked as if the Bulls were over.

Jordan, a Birmingham, Barer, switched on TV. Horrified. Someone he knew was living on Mike's great fan, filling off the podium. He remembers thinking, Big mistake.

"I was totally afraid for him," says Jordan. "From that point on, he had a lot of negative things happening to him. No one had as much sympathy for him as I did."

Until that night, Pippen could never figure out if he wanted to be like Mike or not. He always and the police there, there was only one. Michael Jordan. Actually, he was dazed, as the saying goes, unless you're the lead dog, the view never changes.

"I mean you can only see it from the outside," says Pippen before a home game, his hands profoundly rumbling. "But when you experience it, you don't know what it is."

There was always the Bulls' down-home star, with a game as complete as Jordan's, except for Mike's ability to score as well. If everyone was in awe of Jordan, everyone liked the gaudy, friendly Scottie. With Mike gone, though, Scottie's career and life changed. He blossomed as a player, but he also mirrored Jordan's role in lightning rod for controversy and, unlike Mike, lost his balance.

For Pippen, it was only one disaster among many. He was arrested for carrying a gun illegally in his car. His girlfriend filed but didn't pursue divorce charges against him. He called Bulls fans racist for supporting Tim Lincecum, threw a chair onto the court in a row with a referee, demanded, "Take me or [general manager Jerry] Krause

made deals with friends and the owner. Pippen's Superstars has learned on the shoulder with complaints, and Scottie management backed out of the first deal. Pippen scotched the second. A few weeks later, Jordan came back, and no one was gladder to see him than his Scottie.

"I think we're much closer now than we were two years ago," Jordan says. "We spend more time together. We talk more about different things other than basketball. I think he really has a sensitivity to my life, and I really have sympathy to his life. We've become friends."

"Even when you do things or be me for a while—a change your life. Good and bad."

Jordan is the star again, Rodman the curiosity. Pippen played to be a sidestep.

"I don't feel like I could ever be Michael Jordan or take over his name," he says. "I can only be Scottie and hold the ground that I walk on, and that's it."

"Are you a god?"

—Rings presented to Michael Jordan 1992 Olympic, Barcelona

THOUGH NO ONE COULD HAVE SET OUT to become what Jordan did, since the office didn't exist before he created it, he never lacked ambition. If they found his life, it would look more like Palmer than the Bulls' down-home star, with a game as complete as Jordan's, except for Mike's ability to score as well. If everyone was in awe of Jordan, everyone liked the gaudy, friendly Scottie. With Mike gone, though, Scottie's career and life changed. He blossomed as a player, but he also mirrored Jordan's role in lightning rod for controversy and, unlike Mike, lost his balance.

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thing he did was news, like shopping the White House just to play golf with friends—some of whom turned out to be Ektanov, Hilton Head. A man named Stan Butler wanted up with a Jordan check for \$100,000. Michael was a loss to help him open a driving range, in town, he was obliged to admit he'd lost a golf bet.

He lost the job in his career too. The 1993 risk rate turned into a running conversation of his gambling. He was more, but the price—the expectations that people have for you, the way that they feel they have a piece of you no matter what—was too high.

That fall, golf-fueled at the number of his latest, he announced his retirement as age thirty with twenty-one racial references to the media as "you people." A wholly unashamed runner down the NBA had pushed him out to avoid a gambling scandal was allowed to step into the retirement pen.

As a lack, he tried basketball, another controversy but one that put him in a better light, since even skeptics praised his willingness to humble himself.

He returned to basketball on another whim, but even the magazine, who thought he'd seen it all, was astounded at what happened next, the eleven hysterical days before he made it official. Then staged days at Jordan's estate at the United Center. TV and radio stations broadcast began. Scottie daily Michael would appear on the air with Cleveland. He would hold a press conference on March 10. The Bulls were told as a meeting on March 14 that he was coming back. Michael was at a restaurant on Lake Michigan diagnosed as a narcissist, that was Earl Williams at The Post. The speed of the old Chicago newspaper was that life was copying.

By summer, he was even backhanded, according to the *San Jose Mercury News*, which reported that a former Bulls basketball player, who for the first time since being hurt in an auto accident after meeting Mike.

"I was embarrassed by all the attention," Jordan says. "Nah, people would me, but it was like I was a cult figure, and I didn't want to fall prey to that. I mean, I just play the game of basketball, you know. I enjoy playing it, and you guys may love watching me play it, but it's not according to the way they

perceived it to be, like a whole life." He had a new niche, national treasure. If he still sparked controversy every time he turned around, as with his unashamed number change last spring, or played high-tech golf—friends say he does—who cared?

He was a virtual sector of the economy. When he landed he'd come back, the worth of the stock of the company, he was associated with Nike, Chrysler, Coca-Cola, General Mills, and McDonald's—jumped to \$1 billion.

In his final financial appearance, TV ratings climbed to new heights, passing the World Series for the first time. In his one spring away, ratings for the Bulls sank to the levels of the early nights. With Mike back, ratings are on a second pace, and the Bulls are running 40 percent ahead of the league. The NBA's TV contracts, worth about \$100 million a year, are in two seasons, and Jordan says he intends to play three more.

The NBA, cautiously negotiating TV contracts before they expire, NBC, its on-air partner, likes to preempt the competition. It just captured the three Olympics from 2004 to 2008 with a \$1.1 billion offer before anyone knew the bidding had begun. In a game of these stakes, Jordan's impact can be measured in the tens of millions of dollars and could run into the hundreds of millions.

During warm-ups before the game in Los Angeles against Miami (Johnston's last), a fan went over the floor in a Bulls' membership jersey, naming Jordan's uncle, and down to the hardwood, crying, before being taken away by the police.

How, exactly, does one not fall prey to all that?

THE WORLD WANTS ON MIKE

In a poll of black Chicago school children asked to name the person they admired most, Jordan finished in a tie with Mike.

It has been said of Jordan that he doesn't have friends as much as courtiers. Although Mike may look down-to-earth and unassuming—James and Deloris's well-mannered son—he expects to get his way in every setting, athletic and otherwise, even smothering in underlings to keep them in their place as he does in a game at Houston, raging and waving his arms



There's just offense. In the court, at least, they're in sync.

promoted heads into lack of the marketing campaign for the dispossessed of America watching out the restaurant window, getting. They don't make capitalism the way they used to.

AS A CELEBRITY, SCOTTIE PIPPEN WAS A FORGOTTEN

He couldn't take the brist with the owner, and though he became a great player, his star exploded on

Whoever Dennis is with is his girl. He simply cannot say no.

Jordan can't abide losing, so he gave a teammate a black eye.

at a mystified Lou Longley. Phil Jackson screams the tape the next day trying to see what Luc did, but he's aware Mike likes to interact teammates personally in what he expects.

"He knows he intimidates people," Jackson says. "I had to pull him in last year. He was comfortable playing with Will Perdue. He was tough on Longley. He would throw passes that, at times, I don't think anybody could catch, then glare at him and give him that look. And I let him know that Luc wasn't Will Perdue and it was all right if he sent him out to see what his attitude was, but I wanted him to play with him because he had a big body, he wasn't afraid, he'd throw it around, and if we were going to get by Orlando, we were going to have to have some body to stand up to Shaquille."

Indeed, Mike often notes how he intimidates Perdue. Of course, he once punched Will in a prison, too. Nor is Jordan picky about whom he picks on as Steve Kerr found out. Kerr, boyish and friendly wouldn't ordinarily tease Mike, but the two were on opposite sides at the union fight. Kerr was the bull's player rep. Jordan tried unsuccessfully to discredit the union with some like Patrick Ewing and Alvin McMorris; both Bulls' clients. Union loyalist John Salley called it a fight between the "house Negroes" and the "field Negroes." Jordan can't abide even the inference of losing, so he let Steve vent on the hit. Jordan gave him a shot in a prison. Kerr realized and Mike was on him like a lion with a mallet.

Jordan later apologized to Kerr when some cut of their argument with a black eye. Asked about it, he said only, "Practice can get rough."

Of course, with the world waiting on him, it's also a little rough to get in to see Mike.

Before I join the Bulls for ten days, Barbara Allen, his scheduler at David Falk's office, says Michael will try to sit down with me, but she notes that his schedule is full of things that are "contractual." She says Tim "optional." When I introduce myself to him in the Bulls' dressing room at the United

Center after a game, he says, "I saw your fax," referring to the note I sent. Allen He says he'll try to work me in.

Although he protects when rumors of his privacy suddenly, he does routine press briefings at least five times a week. While waiting for my audience, I join in. When I ask something, he poses as if no one had ever posed a question so interesting, looks me in the eye, and answers at length. I get the gist of his expressions—the studious frown, the impish smile. He could charm a Dietrich. In the twenty-five years I've been doing this stuff, I've never been more aware of wanting an athlete to like me.

Before the game in Houston, the press early arrives, and I get a few minutes early run-ins with Mike. He's so sincere, so gracious, so wonderful. Whenever Mike shoots a free, throw anywhere on the motion, basketballs splinter throughout the arena. Mr. and Mrs. America making a memory with their instantaneos. He's back, and he's never been happier. He has a challenge. (Some players and sportscasters said he was over the hill, so he'll show them.) He had a chance to leave the game and figure out what it meant to him, every thing. "Oh, yeah," Jordan says, relaxing in the dressing room. "I have a whole different appreciation for this game and for the life that I live."

"I experienced it as a young guy, but now I'm experiencing it as a mature guy who knows all the different risks and cautions. I'm much more in control of my life and my basketball life than I've ever been."

He definitely has his stuff sorted together. During the playoffs, he'll pack his own bodyguards. Last season, it was a six-man cadre of off-duty Chicago cops. That's Mike's inner circle these days: his bodyguards, his driver, some old poker-playing buddies from Carolina, and Ahmad Rashad, his friend and NBC hunk.

In fact, it's cap city around the Bulls these days. Radman has his guy Pappan has his guy. Outside the dressing room after a home game, Chicago's Forest Bulls Protectors are introduced to one another as if attending a law-enforcement convention.

"Tim — from Housing Authority" — from the — Prisoner."

Jordan often says how strange life in the spotlight is, but it's his and he likes it. After games in the United Center, the press is herded against a wall outside the dressing room long after the league's ten-minute cooling-off period, until Mike is dressed, he loosed, gold hoop earring or diamond-encrusted one in place. In a 10:00 slot you won't see twice—no interviews with him wrapped in a towel anymore. In New York or Los Angeles, he's at full throttle, eyes shining, animated.

Of course, we're still having trouble going to that individual session. In Chicago, he tells me, "We'll do it on the road." In Houston, he tells me, "We'll do it in Sacramento."

When the Bulls go to Sacramento, however, Mike isn't with them. He has flown to Los Angeles to finish work on his movie with Bugs Bunny. The next day I take a last shot at stringing up an appointment. As he's walking toward the team bus, ringed by five autograph hunters: fathers proffering children, I pass a note into his hand with my hard-earned number. He doesn't call. The next day, the team reaches Los Angeles, where I live, and I get off.

Two weeks later, high-level negotiations between Barbara Allen and my editors result in another interview. Allen says Jordan feels bad that we didn't get together, if I can be in Chicago on February 24, Mike will clear time for me.

I fly out, go to practice, and soon introduce myself. We shake hands. He's as nice as ever.

"Are we on for today?" I ask.

"I had to reschedule this thing with NBA Entertainment for today," he says looking pained. "I had a wisdom tooth on Monday." Bumped again, I fly home. Barbara Allen calls four days later. She says Jordan was under the impression we were meeting today. No one told me anything about it, and, in any case, I couldn't hang around Chicago and miss my daughter's wedding. She's only one, but the way it was going, it would be top and tack which come first, her nuptials or my meeting with Mike. ■



The Friday Scotch



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*CBS thought
Central Park West would
make the network younger
and hipper. CBS was wrong.*

BY FRANK ROSE

Does the bride? Too bad.
Which may be the case to keep
Central Park West afloat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY WHITE

SOAP GETS IN THEIR EYE

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THIS WAY WHEN DAVIDEN Star, the shaggy-haired young creator of the television has Barry Hill quit and Melissa Hall landed his seven-figured, starring episode. Inexplicably asked about both CBS, he was supposed to bring people with him. Not just people, but young people—viewers in the free-spending, hard-to-reach eighteen-to-thirty-four demographic. That was the “Power de Loon of prime time,” and CBS—long a haven for the prebanned and the forgotten—was ready to step up to the forefront and drink. For here we are in a little parlance in Greenwich Village, talking about *Central Park West*, the dad of the season, and Darden is understandably defensive. “I can only take so much responsibility for anything,” he says. “I can’t get people to turn on their television.”

Only last summer, in the weeks leading up to its premiere, *Central Park West* seemed unstoppable. It boasted crisscrossing Manhattan on buses, Barry producer on CBS and MTV, featuring spreads in glossy magazines, a gathering buzz among the media elite. *Hard Copy* vans parked outside the production office—all heralded the imminent arrival of the latest Darden Star production, a look at the high-gloss/low-cost/money world of New York City magazine. Helicopters rode to the Flamingo Hotel jiggling in *Central Park*. A fashion editor who handed in her boy toy to the bedpost? Here was the show to put sparkle back into the sooty-turreted Tiffany Network, a distant third in

the damage, shots of its record labels and many of its best affiliates, brummed by Rupert Murdoch and his apostle Fox Broadcasting Company, smothering controversy and talent, just added to a Pittsburgh paper's compliments by a billionaire who'd risked it for cash while its likelihood slipped down the drain.

Then the madhouse came in.

General Rick Wirt, which people inside the production were glibly saying might be watched by as percent of all viewers, didn't intend to be a reasonable fit there. The following week, it got only a share, a mere 3.9 million households. Which meant Paramount play the wooden-faced eldritch of a supercool magazine while viewers nonchalantly able casually to the floor all around her? No, thanks.

Not that General Rick Wirt was the only debacle on CBS. Eleven new shows were canceled last September, eight of them dead. Two weeks into the season, CBS was actually in fourth place, trailing Fox. The other networks weren't doing so well, either. With more new shows than ever and viewership dropping to an all-time low, this was the most dismal season in broadcasting history. But because it had been so disastrously hyped, the concept of a much-ballyhooed CBS campaign to grab the younger viewers when advertisers pay a premium to reach, General Rick Wirt was the flop that defined the season. Here was one study in chastisement.

Six weeks after General Rick Wirt went on the air, the folks at CBS Entertainment—the division in charge of prime-time programming—ordered some changes. At Star, still boyishly enthusiastic at thirty-five, explain it. "The network sort of said, 'We don't want the show to be about young people, we don't necessarily care if it takes place in a magazine, we don't necessarily care who your leading lady or it is anymore, and it's like, what I'm thinking is the whole premise of the show is about getting them out the window.'"

"I demand you take the whole premise for my coming over to CBS. Nowhere!"

IT WAS SPRING 1994, and CBS WAS STRUGGLING on a roll. It was number one in daytime and late night, and with hits like *Melrose Place* and *Northern Exposure*, its prime-time lineup had shot from the bottom to the top and stayed there for three straight years. Yet its ratings were slumping. Mature households were turned to as shown there to three of the other networks, but they were the wrong households.

Madison Avenue has been preoccupied with youth since the fall, when CBS and NBC won the established networks and ABC was the upstart that appealed to young families. So while CBS delivered older viewers, many of them in rural areas, ABC convinced advertisers that its unfashioned young Livermores were more desirable. CBS reacted itself once, in the early asexuals, when then-president Robert Wood decided to "get the wrinkles out" by canceling such older-skewing hits as *Melrose*, *BJT* and *The Beverly Hills Cop*. Wood was lucky. He picked up *All in the Family*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and *Murphy Brown*—his success was short-lived.

CBS has tried to persuade Madison Avenue ever since that twenty-five- to fifty-five-year-olds—the natural constituency—are a good buy, that older people have more discretionary income, that their buying patterns aren't

accurately locked in, that the baby boomers will soon start hitting fifty. Network execs peddled the company line tirelessly. No one was buying.

"Everyone is aware of the graying of America," says a senior executive at a large New York advertising agency. "But most advertisers also know that older viewers are the bottom consumers of network TV. So you target the most elusive end of the audience spectrum on the theory that you're going to get older viewers anyway." For CBS, this meant that *Melrose Place* was barely breaking even while ABC's *Superman* episode, *Lois & Clark*, which averaged about 10 share points fewer in the same time period, earned two and a half times as much money.

The 1994 affiliates' meeting was a turning point. Murdoch had ousted CBS chairman Laurence Tisch for rights to the National Football League games, a staple of CBS programming since 1939. A major station group, with affiliates in Milwaukee, Dallas, Cleveland, Atlanta, Dallas, and Phoenix, had just gone over to Fox. Even though CBS was once again number one, the remaining affiliates were unhappy because the demographics were dragging down their all rates for news and other local shows. The sales force had been saying, "You're going to lose Madison Avenue next time. Finally, Tisch was ready to listen."

In Peter Horowitz, a network veteran who'd just been named head of CBS Entertainment, the task seemed doable. Programmers are like tailors, one network exec joked. You want cuffs, you get cuffs; you want a bigger waist, you get a bigger waist, but you have to tell us what you want. So Horowitz started retooling the schedule to accommodate the eighteen- to thirty-four-year-olds. It was assumed going in, he says, that CBS would drop to number three in households and stay there for several years. "To avoid third place was no longer the mission. To start to broaden the audience—that was the mandate I was given."

All this week place within a larger debate at CBS, one over brand identity. Television networks, the thinking goes, have their own images, just like the midwestern and soft drinks that are brewed on them. In the future, as channels choose costume to multiply and technology enables us to see what we want when we want, the networks' scheduling function will disappear and the only thing they'll have to show viewers with will be brand identity. "Ultimately, it's not about what's on at night," says Larry Kintzinger, who became Horowitz's deputy. "It's, Do



Initial cast members from the original *BF* and *Madison*.

you want to watch a Disney show or a CBS show? General Rick Wirt was what CBS was going to be."

But changing your identity is more difficult than retaining a site. Many in Hollywood feel that it's amazing that it could grab younger viewers without tuning off its older audience. CBS accounted to a bad case of hubris: "General Rick Wirt," says Sandy Grashow, who was president of Fox Entertainment when Star left for CBS, "truly is the reason most to all this."

BURING CENTRAL PARK WENT INTO THE SPECTER OF DIS. Much as ABC targeted young viewers with no network loyalists in the elite, Barry Diller said youth-oriented shows—*The Simpsons*, *Lois & Clark*, *Murphy Brown*—could make Fox a viable fourth network in the late eighties, creating in the process a brand identity that was edgy and contemporary. Diller, a graduate of Beverly Hills High, had long nurtured the idea of a series set at his old school. To create it, he turned to Aaron Spelling—the scenarist-creator of *Charlie's Angels*, *The Love Boat*, and *Dynasty*—then widely regarded as washed-up. Diller wanted to throw him a bone, he had just cornered Spelling's latest pilot, but the rest of them went back to the writers, when Diller was a fledgling ABC exec and Spelling was producing hits for the network. Spelling says he told Fox he didn't know how managers thought, but Fox had someone else to worry about—this twenty-eight-year-old film writer named Darren Star.

A UCLA grad from the upscale Woodland Hills of Torrance, Maryland, Star had grown up addicted to screen-movie scenes, television scenes, trade papers that report on the business of screens. He saw the show as a chance to make something for teens, a series that would tackle the big questions of high school—drinking, condoms, pregnancy, AIDS—head-on. Unfortunately, thirty-five-hour jargonized in the studios for months at Spelling, Star, and executive producer Charles Koenig—brought in to make up for Star's lack of experience—struggled to find the right balance. "But with Fox, there was always that sense that it wasn't a real network," Star recalls. "You like, well, we have nothing else, so we're leaving you on."

Then Fox decided to air the show in midseason, when the other networks were airing reruns. By August, thousands of screaming high school girls were turning out to meet Jason Priestley and Luke Perry, the smitten heartthrobs. "That taught me a lesson," says David Stein, a writer and producer on the show, as he'd later be on *General Rick Wirt*. "Don't ever assume that the way something begins is the way it will end."

Next came *Melrose Place*, a serial drama about a bunch of free-floating twenty-somethings in a cheapo West Hollywood apartment court. The premiere drew good numbers, but when subsequent eps

"Was the hype too much?" asks Star. "Perhaps. Misdirected? I dunno."

suggest that Star should arrive on his own. "Darren has intimates at a writer," says a former colleague. "So many people were responsible for his shows that it's hard to say that everything he touches goes to the moon." From the outside, however, it didn't look that way at all. From the outside, it looked as if Darren Star had gone Aaron Spelling to a much needed collagen injection. Maybe he could do the same for CBS.

DARRIN WAS FORTUNATE, IT REVEALS HARVEY JOSEPHSON, Star's agent at International Creative Management. Rich—with a sprawling hacienda in the Hollywood Hills and a Range Rover in the driveway and millions counted in from royalties and merchandising fees—but exhausted. He was rising up on the Mediterranean when Josephson phoned him with big news. Star had pulled CBS on a new series, and it had come back with an offer for thirteen episodes. Spelling was also after Star to renew his contract, which was expiring just as the network's last for the eighteen-to-thirty-four demographic was reaching a frenzy. "There was a lot of heat on him," Josephson explains—so much heat that he had to fly home and take meetings.

It was June 2004, weeks after the show's launch at CBS. "Running a network is like culture surfing," explains Sandberg. "You've got to keep paddling out there and hope you catch a wave. Darren is not a bad surfer and he knows CBS was willing not only to commit to a series, any series, but to provide direct financing—to cover the difference between what the network would pay to license the show and the actual cost of making it. Star wouldn't need a well-lit middleman like Spelling, who has losses while waiting for a payoff years later in the rerun market. And psychologically, he was ready to leave."

"It struck me that Darren felt he had something to prove," says Grashow. "I don't know if it was to him or to others." And where better to prove it than at CBS, where he'd be doing the show that would remake the network?

TELEVISION
Gorgeous Schemers
On the Upper West Side

By JOHN J. GONNERS

expansion of the top (right) who is known David Viner at publishing, especially women's lives.

CBS Soaps Up Condé
With Sudsy, Bitchy C.P.



Strong feelings: CBS tries to get creative and designates, but Darren Star is still selling us.

Here was an opportunity for culture snuffing at its finest. L.A.-vill (jazzquakers, rats, fies, floods) N.Y.-bald Abandoning the sunny-California locale of his first two shows, Star quickly developed a serial drama built around a glamorous Manhattan magazine and its youthful staff—a pit-of-little-rich-girl nightclubs cabaret and her J&F-fu-ho-oh-oh-brother, a fresh-from-Boston editor and her hopeful novelist husband. It seemed to capture the next thing," says Sontag. "For us, it was a way into a more urban thing, too"—the factor that distinguished NBC hits like *Seinfeld* and *Friends*.

Star, who'd lived in New York briefly before joining and always felt slightly cheated at being called back to Los Angeles, quickly settled into a soaring triple life in the Village with his golden retriever Judy, and began juggling out with holiday scenes like author Iain Fenton (Eli Working in New York goes has a limited pool of TV writers and writers, but it also goes him first shot at Mimi Hemenway, whose husband is a New York restaurateur. He was thrilled when they landed her

CBS since were equally happy when they saw the first episode last May. "It had a very hip eye-randy quality to it," says Sontag. "You looked at them and, the city, the people, the clothes—I said afterward I wanted to go shopping." The new schedule got a guardedly positive response from advertisers that June; CBS sold some 86 percent of its available airtime for the coming year, almost as much as ABC or NBC.

Meanwhile, the network was fundraising, its president jumping ship, its prime time lineup slumping back to third place. And by June, Toronto was out. For weeks, Larry Tisch had been talking with Lesle Moonves—the head of Warner Bros. Television, the studio that made *ER* and *Friends*—about taking over CBS Entertainment. Moonves, at forty-five, the most successful development exec in television, was a great catch, especially with Tisch positioning the network for a sale. But before Moonves could be convinced from his contract, Sontag got word of the deal and resigned.

For six weeks, CBS Entertainment was left with no one at the top—six weeks during which it was developing a

twelve-month marketing campaign with General Post Office in the countryside, even though the network's own research suggested that it was far from an automatic hit. Nobody worried, though. "When you saw those spots, you said, 'Wow, they really did it,'" says David Polnick, chief of research. "So people stopped asking, 'Does the product live up to the claims of the promotion?'"

CPW, its acts and production offices stacked into four tiny-looking floors of a Greenwich Village loft building, was moving ahead on a blur of excitement. Mired was a dream—a tall landlord in his ring, perhaps, but delighted to avoid work. Over Labor Day weekend, the set and Darren even threw a party together at his beach house he'd named in East Hampton. There was a press party at the Museum of Modern Art and a glamorous Comedy Star launch party at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and a premiere reception on the Sony Jamboree high above Times Square.

And then, the morning after. "I think we were all pretty shocked," Star says of the ratings. "Really stunned that they were as bad as they were." We're sitting in his office, a large room whose doors together or appearance is the antithesis of the high-gloss Manhattan fantasy the show projects just outside its poster for *Realtime* at Tiffany's: one of the most films (the other is *All About Eve*) whose stars of glamour and sophistication he claims as inspiration for the series. "I was happy with the show," Star is saying. "In terms of what I set out to do, I feel like I did it. Was the hype too much? Perhaps. Was it misread? Perhaps. I wonder if all that hype reached the younger audience. I'm not sure." His voice grows smaller. "I do know."

The idea that the hype somehow failed to connect is a popular one at CBS. Yet a top executive at a competing network says his research shows that the campaign actually reached some 70 percent of the target audience. "They just chose not to watch it," Sandy Gushow, now president of Tele-Visi-Media, the firm that was formerly the first to fail the failure the year before of Fox's *Model* hit, another war-torn version of *Melrose Place*. "The younger audience was this train coming down the track," Gushow says, "and got out of the way."

FOR MOONVES, SETTLING INTO HIS NEW offices at CBS Television City in Los Angeles, that meant the train was coming through his wall. He'd led the campaign and the show, despite doubts they'd work on CBS. Not that his opinion mattered. "By the time I came in," he says, "the ship had really sailed." Now all over the schedule, CBS shows—several of them developed by Moonves himself at Warner Bros.—were crashing. *Doogie Howser* from New York, *The Client*—hopeless Wednesday night, from Rex (the *How* (Andrew Dice Clay's dismal *Himself* was the only one to CPW) or the ludicrously misnamed *Corbush* (Robin Givens as a public defender), was a disaster Sunday night, far from a CBS stronghold, was virtually wiped out by the loss of football and the decision to move *Murder the White to Thursday*. Older viewers, unable to find longtime favorites, were turning over to cable, where they could at least watch reruns. Younger viewers had better things to do.

That fall, as CPW's momentum as the ratings, Moonves and his second-in-command, Billy

The younger audience saw the CPW train coming. They just got out of the way.

"But you don't like sitting out that quickly. You put all this time, effort, and promotion into a show, it's on for six weeks, and you junk it, it doesn't say much about you, your faith in your shows, or your respect for the creative community."

The first casualty was Mimi Hemenway. "The chance" Star wasn't taking off in his lifetime," Moonves says. "When I first saw the show, I was so impressed. But when I was ordered to be a good friend, the news was horrible. He phoned her in Los Angeles. The show was being recommended, he told her, her chances would no longer be the lead. She could say if she wanted but."

Soon Star was back on the phone with CBS. He needed a good guy since test audiences were saying the show had no one worth rooting for. When they suggested Gerald McFadden, the forty-seven-year-old ex-wife of the CBS sitcom *Married*, Star began to wonder. But Moonves and Campbell were adamant. "We need a CBS star," they told him. Other producers might have walked. Star's biggest sin, however, may be not his creative vision but his unwillingness to adjust it. "Involvement," he says, "is very malleable."

Star began comparing a southern media tycoon (Frank Red Turner) who came to New York on a takeover scheme. Soon Star was culture surfing out of the glossy world of New York magazines and into the wide-open world of media empires, where music rule. But while he and his women frantically developed new characters and story lines and played the demons of old ones, the chase in their effort was played out between, where episode chapters—the last of the network's original order—was being filmed with Hemenway going out and McFadden coming in. When Hemenway said, "her husband is the cat and queen the show's period costume manager have to know and had to leave the set."

"What's losing, which is dying—something. I felt like saying, 'The camera is pointing the wrong way,'" recalls Ben Leffman, who plays the magazine's owner, replacing the Roy Campbell-like characterization that was from a *Tony for Angels in America*. "If you want to see soap opera, turn the camera around."

But the old melodrama was being played out at CBS where network executives were desperately confirming a youth strategy in midtown. CBS had lost only fifteen

Campbell, did regular postmortems with Darren Star, who tried to console himself with a graph comparing CPW's numbers with the early returns for *Sex and the City* and *Melrose Place*. Moonves knew the game better—he was at *Lawrence* when Dallas Kohn Lewis, and *Pilots* (one were made them) and one weeks into the season he concluded that the show needed a total overhaul.

Cancellation? "It was considered," he replies.

television darren does gotha After creating *90210* and *Melrose Place*, Darren Star now to supply New York

so third in total households, it was now fourth as the all-important ratings demographic. Moonves had already placed an order for nine more episodes—a commitment of some six million—when he pulled the show off the schedule in mid-November. Then, on November 30, Star got another call from Los Angeles. They'd decided to rebroadcast the show as a miniseries.

But rebroadcast what, exactly? Getting Gerald McRaney was one thing. "But then you have to start reconsidering the show," Star says, frowning a toothy grin, "because what's he going to sleep with?"

Star thought of Lauren Hutton, the fifty-two-year-old supermodel who plays the acutest mom of the JPK. J-kissed and the cool, slightly columnar and the work of Ron Leibman, whose media company is McRaney's advertiser says. Then he called the network and said they needed someone to star the pot-yes, Raguel! Which?

As one of the great sex symbols of the series, under-employed or not but something to look at, Welch figured to be a pull with the baby-boomer constituency. "She's the icon of that demographic," Star declares. "More than anybody." Within days, he and his writers gave McRaney a gleefully manipulated cover: who flies in unannounced from Monte Carlo.

So how could I've been moping up for this part all my life? "Raguel says he's healthy, but your a volcano man with inside earthquakes," Welch in some circles would be spread upon all too quickly. She's probably thinking about that New York Post item that accused her of snapping her fingers at the crew and demanding a couch for her dressing room instead of a toilet. "Raguel," they took to calling her on the set. But that little unpleasantness seems far away as we lounge in the flower-bedded lobby of the Mayfair Hotel in New York, sipping tea.

It's becoming a two-day now, but Raguel, red-haired and glowing at fifty-five, is looking quite comfy in an over-the-shoulder, black tight, and far-covered fifty Martin's across-the-hips. "I know what you're going to say—that there are the boots from *On the Waterfront*," she says, referring to the 1956 cowboy epic in which she wore a far better—no evolutionary leap of meaning progression.

Actually, I'd been wondering where she's been all these years. For someone so iconic, Welch has starred in surprisingly few hits. There was *Feature Player*, of course, and *Myra Breckinridge* and *The Blue Manstone*, but mostly she is famous for being famous, the California sex goddess whose irresistible beauty and instant popularity were taken as proof that she couldn't act.

I was coming in at a time when women were in a career mold that was epitomized by Marilyn Monroe, she says. "That was the main thing of a certain kind of submissive woman, a woman who was there to please. From that point on came the woman you had to deal with. I've been the woman you have to deal with. The woman you have to deal with." She fluffs her hair, which is spiky yet beautiful.

Just as Joan Collins turned up on *Dynasty* late in the first season as Alexis Carrington, so Raguel Welch is not to materialize as Grand Flak like an the spiffed ex who tangles with McRaney's daffies with Leibman, and goes mano a mano with Lauren Hutton. As David Simon puts it, "We hope they'll become the Alexis and Kyrle of the nineties."

So much for the youth strategy that was supposed to rejuvenate CBS.

Moonves deflects criticism like a tank. "You don't have to be hip to be young."

about the new Bill Cosby sitcom, an unprecedented two-year commitment announced the month before. He says, "You don't have to be hip to be young," meaning that even old-fashioned shows can draw prime demographics.

Although *Grand Flak* like has been conspicuously absent from today's presentations, it provides the first question: just how new and improved is the show going to be? And what about last fall's promotional campaign? Moonves just ground rapidly. Within minutes he's talking about the baby boomers' turning fifty and saying, "Maybe it's time for Madison Avenue to change their demographics and start realizing that—you know what?—a play-fifty might be more available than they think they are."

This is too much for one critic, who demands to know whether he's hearing right. "What's happened seems to be, like, the biggest change at CBS since Bobby Brown stepped out of the shower. You're essentially saying, 'Forget what happened, the season didn't coast, and we're going back to the old way of doing things.' I mean, is that right?"

"Good analogy," Moonves admits. Several weeks later, Darren Star is getting ready to fly to the coast to get a date for the rebroadcast. It wouldn't be the first time a series had come back from the dead—Chicago Blues, which was resurrected by ER last season, is doing nicely in a new time slot—but it's a long shot, and no one at the network is suggesting the show has a great future. There has even been talk of its simply being allowed to expire unstarred. Not until March would CBS say that a well-strut in the summer. But if Star is nervous, it's not showing it. He says he's thinking of putting his house in Los Angeles on the market. "Of course, if you know me," he adds, "you know I've always about to put my house on the market."

We're craning upward in a black stretch limousine, a real eye-candy auto with a full bar and a television and the driver so far up front that you need an intercom to communicate even with the driver down. We're headed for SoHo's, the auction house, for a benefit for the children of Chernobyl. The car was sent by the organizers because Star is offering a prime-time welcome on *Grand Flak* Week. "But I'm not going to auction it myself," he says, giving me a wary snarl as we glide up Park Avenue. "I mean, I don't want to take the chance of its not selling." ■

It's EARL JAMART, AND Linda Moonves is smiling at it in a podium in the Star Carlton Hotel in Pasadena, trying to explain himself before about a hundred disgruntled aluminum critics. Solid and compact, with boundless energy and rapid-fire speech, Moonves deflates criticism like a Sherman tank. He talks about wanting to "get stronger" without doing "a landmark type of show that brings us way down immediately." He talks about the new Bill Cosby sitcom, an unprecedented two-year commitment announced the month before. He says, "You don't have to be hip to be young," meaning that even old-fashioned shows can draw prime demographics.

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Address: _____

City: _____
State: _____

Zip: _____
Phone: _____

SECRET SHARER

"It," she said when we got home—she is this once being supremely Stephanie Seymour. "What's new?"

"None!" we replied. "Oh, you know, the usual. Nothing like 'same 'ol/same 'ol/same 'ol/same.' The same monotonous array of cranes, the ordinary set of day-to-day life, the small, dusty pleasures, the small, nearly painful moments of anxiety. Should I part my hair behind? (No, dear, it's not a good!) Should I get a bigger at-the-office dress with the guys or get a sandwich and eat it at my desk? Where are you going?"

She was looking for the other room. "You," she said.

"Yes," we said, "we'll just go on... On on talking about our routine, our recollections, straying routine, the dull banalities of life as we see it, stretching from horizon to horizon. Paper comes in. Paper gets out. The paper comes back.

In The Wind Tunnels, the hours slip by, the grains of sand cascade through the glass, signaling the disappearance of yet another day standing somewhere along an immemorial journey between the cradle and the grave. Oh, we should have been several years of rugged clams—no, Sirs! Where are you? But is moving the night-dress party?"

We pulled open the bathroom door. "Jeez!" she snapped. "Can I a girl plan a surprise in your room?"

—JAMES MALANOWSKI

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN WRIGHT
Styling: Tom Myers. Hair: Howard Fugate for the Roger Thompson Salon at Harvey's New York, New York. Makeup by Tina Cooper for the Roger Thompson Salon at Harvey's. Thanks to John DeBenedictis for the Manhattan Bridge, lighting by Timothy Weiss and C&B. Hair: Silver-cream ring by Carter. Dress by Helmut Lang.



Entertaining

When Nathan Lane gets angry, somebody's going to end up in stitches

By David Blum

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO WITH ME? A great Broadway historian, Lane laughs himself in *Grease*, *Amistad*, and *Star*, always playing to the back row.



ANYTHING'S GOING GREAT FOR NATHAN LANE. He's in *Three Things Happened on the Way to the Alamo* on Broadway and Mike Nichols's hit musical *The Bedside Manner* on TV, and he's been on *Reps and Quips* and *Comedians*, and people are coming up to him everywhere and saying, "It is so funny to find you in funny in that you're not so funny." So these positive developments do not alter certain basic truths he still is compelled to share with the American people, now that he finally has their attention. And so, as Lane sits across from David Letterman, a man who has clearly acted in an impressive amount of fawning from his children's years, he watches the late night master of irony go for a little *Jack* jowls as Lane unleashes a litany of wistful badinage on the expense of several fellow actors, some of whom were instrumental in launching his career.

"George C. Scott—duddis Scott—you haven't heard until you've seen George C. Scott directing non-year-olds. They're not going to be opening the George C. Scott daycare center anytime soon," Lane says, arching his merry eyebrows into a perfect triangle with his laughing brown eyes. "My favorite director was... Stay in character and don't screw around!" Lane says cheerfully, winking the actor who gives him his first big break in the sitcom even than a decade ago.

And Mike Keenan? "He's a total pig chink," Lane guffaws on. "He's very adorable, but there isn't enough Rutin in the world for him." Rutin had been the star of Lane's first, aborted TV series in 1980, called *One of the Boys*, which starred Star main characters and Dana Carvey.

"It was always interesting because Mickey wouldn't bother to learn the lines, and I would be sitting in the room, smoking something," Lane says. "When they got together, it was like a Samuel Beckett play. The world stopped."

Letterman, who has been laughing amiably to these diatribes, finally feels compelled to intercede.

"I think these people are still alive, Nathan," Letterman offers nervously.

This informality seems not to register with Lane, whose stretched-up face suggests less an actor on the scene than an attack dog on the prowl.

"Your attorney is going to be really busy for the next couple of days," Letterman throws in. The studio audience greets Letterman's warning with cheers and applause. Looking over at Paul Shaffer, he adds, "Thank God for the big filter."

A half hour earlier, waiting in his fifth-floor dressing room above Broadway for the call to the Ed Sullivan Theater stage, Lane proudly brushed aside the suggestion that his rascled opinions might not play all that well among large segments of his audience—particularly those accustomed to hearing stars offer effusive praise for their colleagues and mentors. Lane had just finished singing "Comedy Tonight" from Remo to Paul Shaffer over the in-house phone.

"I'm just saying what I think," Lane said, every so often making his chocolate brown hair swoosh in front of a

huge mirror surrounded by bulbs. Behind him on a moment, Letterman was finishing up his monologue, at just a few minutes. Lane would take an elevator down to the stage door to assume his exalted position as First Guest. "I don't spend time wondering how it'll play," he said. "Someone asks me a question and I just answer it. I don't see any point in not being honest."

At which point, he turned to me and delivered a personal taste of his special brand of comic honesty. "So is that what all this is going to be about? Me saying things about Terrence McNally and Glenn Close? Because he'll tell you, like, 'measuring the time would spend together secretly—' hasn't really been all that much fun." Unfortunately, he delivered this line with typically brutish Broadway gusto. A few *Late Show* staffers nearby smiled and seemed for the winner's typical response. It was not forthcoming.

Then Lane got hustled toward the elevator by a *Late Show* producer. Turning back to me at the elevator door, he got off one more zinger. "Don't you see?" he warned with a raw worry of the *Late Show* staff himself. "Come between me and Glenn Close!"

"Don't you ever," he warned, "come between me and Glenn Close!"

IN 1980, A BRILLIANT UNDISCOVERED ACTOR named Ben Lane put on a suit to become the Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz* and a lasting part of American culture. His once-of-a-lifetime role made generous laugh and weep. "Comedy is always close to sadness," Lane said in 1982, the year he died. Lane's quest for courage helped children find their hearts.

Nathan Lane's current leap to stardom beats an ancient resemblance to Lane's—right down to the tail. He went from the relative obscurity of New York theater to thousands of screens as the lion in the musical, the comic star of *The Lion King*, by far the most successful animated film of all time—the fifth-biggest-grossing movie in history, with \$45 million in domestic revenues to date. Everything else Lane had done—from

a Tony-nominated performance in the smuth *Guy and Dolls* revised in 1992 to a series of showcase roles in the works of award-winning playwright Terrence McNally—paled in comparison with his coaching friendship with a war-bug and a lion cub, which is at the center of Disney's recent classic.

And it will, no doubt, matter little to future generations that behind that gentle jungle animal is a man not unlike Lane's rubber-faced persona whose comedy springs from pain. At forty, Nathan Lane has touched the apex of his career, and you, for all the attention that accrues to a movie actor in the modern age, Lane still seems a man in torment. He naps in pajamas like an actor who still wears robes even though he has become, instead, an actor to whom writers now serve meals with respect and awe. He struggles daily with the yearning for a drink, at it, he admits, what drove him for the better part of two decades as a professional actor. And, odder of all, he even dreams the one man who would seem most responsible for his current success—McNally, whose larger-than-life, frequently gay characters once found eloquent expression through Lane's wide range of gifts.

Lane's dream of rampant heterosexuality has a refreshing quality—most likely because it helps explain the edge in his acting, the dry undermask that places him closely in the lineage of downsies that includes such luminaries as Buster Keaton, Phil Spector, Jackie Gleason, and Zero Mostel.

Every generation deserves one Nathan Lane—its sharp-tongued, at once insecure comic and wryly amusing. He will fall down in the name of art. He will wear a dress as furtherance of his career. He belongs in that rare category of actors who have an ironically funny name, whose every nuance gets a laugh. You might also think of Phil Hartman in this category or maybe Jane Alexander.

What sets Lane apart—like the Cowardly Lion who pined the way—is that he can also make us cry. An undignified moment in *The Bedside Manner* when Lane—so desperate to help the actor of his longtime lover that he will pretend to be straight—cries looking at conservative as he can possibly pull off, in a gay perfume store. He simply cannot the man, see in the bed, and folds his legs. In doing so, he reveals a child, perhaps part of sedate that screen, his sensibility in the makers. The moment is vintage Lane, a soft, gentle manner accompanied by a tumultuous, angry shout. In that case, it lovingly captures the pain that pierces the soul of one so devotedly gay when circumstances force him to hide his true self.

Born in the glow of the media headlights, Lane has chosen to make his personal demons public. In life, as in acting, Lane cannot help but play to the last row of the balcony—and hope to bring applause from every last member of his rapidly growing audience of fans.

His numbers will surely swell in the weeks to come as *The Bedside Manner* to box office as *Lane* makes off with the money in the role of Alibi, a drag queen with a heart of gold. His first showstopper yet involving performance will surely make a winning point for him, and more than a few winks (or, in human form, have been small or embarrassing or both). It's a safe bet that, until recently, most Americans knew Lane only as the gay in the *NyCad* commercial or as the cohost with Glenn Close and Gregory Hines, of last year's *Tony Awards* on CBS.

And, yet, even the top queen star of *Sweetest Thing* is not spared Lane's brutal inner sword.

"Glenn Close is a very serious woman," Lane said once recent afternoon, the day *Late Show* reported that Lane was likely to repeat the same that year as *Tony* cohost with Carol Burnett, Julie Andrews, and Mandy Patinkin. "There could be no jokes about *Sweetest Thing*," he thought. "I was making fun of her. It was around the time of the *Comedians* thing, and I'd come up with a bit where I'd give her the job—she'd have her say. If she goes well tonight, we're going to conquer the CBS Evening News." It would have gotten a laugh. She didn't understand that. She didn't know why that was funny. There was another joke. "We're like *The Mad Squad*. One black, one white, and one Hispanic." She thought the reference was supposed to be his.

Lane's friends are the first to draw attention to his highly charged brand of ironic comedy. "It is definitely anger that keeps the comedy going," says Tish Prince, whose performance as Miss Adelaide in *Gypsy* and *Dolls* was her a *Tony* the same year Lane got nominated as Nathan Detroit. "Sometimes these would be entire performances where he wouldn't even look me in the eye. These were among our best shows." Prince remembers one conversation with Lane at all during their first stage collaboration (a revival of McNally's *End Game* in 1992, during *Guy and Dolls*, she remembers. Lane approached her warily. "We became friends after a time," she remembers. "He was tough at first—very quiet, very shy." (Perhaps that side of his personality explains his deep reluctance—for all his candor—to share any details of his personal life. "I just sort of take the unpopular stance that my personal life is my own and nobody's business," Lane says.)

Prince sees Lane's recent success as a more effective use of his anger—due in part, she suspects, to the last two years Lane has spent in recovery. His work on Neil Simon's *Lovers on the 3rd Floor*, which opened in 1993, marked the beginning of Lane's efforts to stay sober.

"That's a daily struggle that over the last couple of years has gotten better," Lane says. "The hours lend themselves to that. There's a certain reorienting of drinking, it's part of being an artist—to purely do as part of your art. When you're young, you can bounce back. When you get older, it gets harder and harder."

GIRLS AND BOYS: Three of Lane's defining roles—Burt Munro in *Lone Hunter* (Compass), Nathan Detroit, and Alibi in *The Bedside Manner*



Contract with Jackie

A one-act play based on the true story behind the most infamous bedside encounter in the annals of contemporary American political life

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

CAST

SENAT—The Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives—cum—visionary conservative philosopher.

WIFE—Jackie.

SETTING

HOSPITAL ROOM, EMORY UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, ATLANTA, 1980.

WIFE in bed with postoperative JWA. Her husband, **SENAT GIBRICH**, enters.

SENAT: I'm here! I'm the groundswell that will produce the Third Wave Information Age, postindustrial society. How are you, Jackie?

WIFE: I didn't think you felt anything about me anymore. You never call.

SENAT: I'd have to lose the sight of God not to come here.

WIFE: [Sounding pleased.] Mmmmm.

SENAT: You have no idea of the trouble I had getting here from Washington. They actually bumped me off a Delta flight. How can they do that to me? They said they were overbooked. They can't make room for a United States congressman flying home to his own district? I noticed two flight attendants getting on. I said, "What about them, why can't they wait for the next flight?" The ticket-counter person said, "Oh, they're needed in Atlanta." I was never so insulted in my life. I am going to have the FAA close the Delta Airline restrooms.

WIFE makes pained sound.

SENAT: Do the doctors know if they got it all this time?

WIFE: They seem to think so. But that's what they thought when they operated on me the first time.

SENAT smiles as he looks into his briefcase and brings out a yellow legal pad. He draws

a line right down the middle. From here on, he makes notes as he talks.

SENAT: How's the house? You know I haven't really looked at it for a whole year.

WIFE: The bookshelves in the den look like they're going to just fall down. The washing machine makes a noise like a truck. The garage door won't go up. I sure could use you. I guess I let things go too long.

SENAT: With all due respect, that's why I really think it's a spectacularly good idea for us to spend some time together right now. We have a lot to talk about, Jackie. I have a general vision of where I want this marriage to go. [Makes notes on the pad.]

WIFE: We're going on a good seven months with this separation.

SENAT: The girls call and tell me about you, but sometimes I'm going so fast in Washington that I'm not able to listen carefully. [Closes eyes and smiles.] **SENAT**: **SENAT**: It's a weird experience. I don't like it at all. What with being alone, separated from the daughters, too. We have to have the . . . moral courage to change or perish. I want to come out of here today with some very positive changes.

WIFE: You've done pretty well. You got through colleges and to Congress. Who knows better than me? I paid for all your degrees. The one graduate-school loan, I paid most of that, too.

SENAT: [Note-writing furiously.] Jackie, when I get power someday, that's the first thing I'm going to go after. That loan could have made me a pauper. That loan represents a sick, helpless society. These limp-wristed, yellow draft dodgers who get a Ph.D. so they don't have to bear a gas fare. Higher education is out of control. The anti-Vietnam radicals dominate the faculties. They teach destruction of our culture.

WIFE: You didn't go to Vietnam, either.

SENAT: I had two daughters. It would have made no sense to go into the Army just because there was a war. Besides, colleagues should give people the commitment to solve real problems. If you're homeless, then just get a home and then you're not homeless. If you're unemployed, get a job and now you're employed. If you need food, go to the store. If you're a weak, yellow coward liberal, then get some backbone and you won't be a cheap draft dodger.

WIFE: Next.

SENAT: What?

WIFE: I'm glad you're here. I missed you. Do you think we have a chance?

SENAT: Of course we have a chance. We can change our lives and change society, too. Not to be egotistical, but I'm the same honorable, moral man I was when you married me. But I can see more. I can see things in the context of the whole society. Listen. Learn. Help. Learn. **SENAT**: **SENAT**: I also know what compassion truly is.

WIFE: I could use some of it this time.

SENAT: But the more important thing—I'll tell you the great example—I made a positive speech on the floor that affects you and this entire country, Jackie, in the Third Wave Information Age, postindustrial society, you are going to sit in your diagnostic chair at home, and someone will take your blood pressure, analyze a blood sample, do throat cultures. You only go to a hospital when something is seriously wrong. If you have some life-threatening disease, information systems will allow you to study the most advanced work all over the world. Jackie, this holds by the medical guild has been broken. It's just as opening to a new beginning in medicine. And I thought of you when I spoke about it.

WIFE: Next, these things don't work on cars. How do I sit in a chair and find a tumor?



SENAT: Jackie, that's the sheer brilliance of the idea. If anyone in this country needs a specialist, a data bank at your fingertips gives you a range of choices based on cost, reputation, and outcome patterns.

WIFE: But you don't find the tumor.

SENAT: No, but the doctors who specialize in tumors are in the data bank at your fingertips.

WIFE: By the time the data bank gets the doctor's name, he's either retired or dead. So am I, by the way.

SENAT: But we're only at the beginning.

WIFE: A man with an aneurysm was in one of the operating rooms here. They said he had the worst headache of his life, and that was the only symptom. The symptom after that is known as bang.

SENAT: In the Third Wave Information Age, postindustrial society, we're going to find out about these things simply by tapping the right key.

WIFE: [Groans.] If you have an aneurysm, do you just put your head back in the chair and wait for it to explode?

SENAT: This isn't an eye thing, Jackie, but there'll be adjustments that will help you. Just let me say one thing. You mention cars. You still have the Volkswagen, right? [She nods, and he makes a note.] And I have the Thunderbird.

WIFE: You got it at cost when they told the assembly-plant manager that you were

going to win the elec-what are you writing down all the time?

NEWT: Show it to you in a minute. First, I want this one thing straight. There is nothing illegal if the plant at Napeville killed me one of its cars at cost right off the assembly line.

WIFE: Has a pair again.

NEWT: All right?

WIFE: Oh-huh. Look at me. I thought I'd be in New York this week, looking at impressions.

NEWT: New York? What do you want to go there for?

WIFE: I want to all that trouble saving my money every week for a trip to New York, and look where I wind up. I wanted to see the impressionists at the Metropolitan Museum.

NEWT: How could you even consider going there with your money? You can't bring anything to New York. The federal government sends billions to New York, and the Mafia steals it all. You have the Mafia there because of these cheap, liberal snags.

WIFE: Does the Mafia have that much of a hold on New York?

NEWT: Second only to Israel. All the fails of the liberals. Just like the French. The Germans came through Cam in 1871, then in 1914. These lisp, liberal French disarmed. In 1940, the Germans poured through Cam again, under General Guderian. It's the same thing in New York.

WIFE: Shows pain.

NEWT: I understand this kind of pain and suffering and anguish. We've been through this once before. Cancer is a test of the soul, of our resolve to triumph over a deadly foe and go on to a better, more prosperous, rewarding, enriching life.

WIFE: Newt, that's a campaign speech.

NEWT: I really mean what I'm saying.

WIFE: Newt, I was standing right next to you while you made this same speech in Monticello. At the Farmers' Market. About my first operation.

NEWT: I only introduced you that night.

WIFE: You told them right out loud, "The cancer my wife has just been through... Please vote for me."

NEWT: I mentioned you were ill.

WIFE: "Deathly ill" was your phrase.

NEWT: If I did bring it up, it was only to appeal to the sense of faith and religion of the audience. Certainly, I wasn't using it for votes. Only somebody shallow and despicable would use his wife's cancer to get ahead. Besides, we were right in the furnace of a political campaign.

WIFE: Sometimes it was fun to be in a campaign.

NEWT: You always told me you hated them.

WIFE: I didn't like it when you told people they had to be nasty.

NEWT: You can't fight fair against these liberal traitors. But I didn't think you liked any of the politics at all.

WIFE: Newt, how could I enjoy most of them? I had my teaching job, and I had one little girl at home. And I had cancer. But I was lying here kind of dozing, and you know what I was thinking of? Making all those peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches.

NEWT: Oh, that was a spectacular idea I had. When that Shepard had a Democrat barbecue, fifty dollars a head, I just knew what we had to do. Get up a mountain of peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and give 'em away.

WIFE: I started making them the night before and never stopped.

NEWT: They charged fifty dollars for listening to nothing. That's the Democrats for you. We gave them free peanut butter and jelly, and then they listened to my new, great ideas. Make drug users pay up to a third of their gross assets. Let's see some baseball player pay a million-dollar fine. Stop incentives for teenage girls to have babies. Tell the boys offered to marry the girl and were turned down. Remember those, Jackie? Now there wasn't a sound in the crowd when I talked? They listened.

WIFE: They had their mouths stuck together with peanut butter.

NEWT: That peanut butter and jelly was the best idea I had.

WIFE: I thought I was the one thought of the peanut butter and jelly.

NEWT: Then the Democrat woman Shepard handed it to us when she said that if she got elected, she wouldn't make her family move to Washington. (He smiles broadly.)

WIFE: Yeah, you made me write a letter to all the garden clubs, saying that she was going to break up a family unit and that we were going to go to Washington together. Remember, I wrote, "Let our family represent your family in Congress." I wasn't so proud of that.

NEWT: I was. I said her family values were the same that cause these welfare people to be out killing, murdering, and slaughtering people in the cities. And I let good, decent people know how we lived as a family in Carrollton, Georgia.

WIFE: And they all had a pool going on election night for how long we'd last together in Washington.

NEWT: That was those Democrats. They're all sick, vicious enemies of mine.

WIFE: Your own press secretary won the pool. He bet on a breakup inside of eleven months. He sure was right.

NEWT: No, that fat old liberal Shepard was at the bottom of that.

WIFE: I wish you wouldn't call her that. I'm slightly overweight myself.

NEWT: Oh, fat liberal.

WIFE: (After a pause.) Was that what happened with me in Washington? I looked heavy?

NEWT: Oh, now, well, so much went on.

WIFE: Was it my age? Newt, I'm the same seven years older than I always was. When you started coming on to me in the back of my math classroom, I could hardly believe it. I was a teacher, and I got a high school kid looking at me. And we liking it! What did I do, suddenly seem older in Washington? With all those young wives? Do you think you can't be the Speaker or get to the White House with a wife who doesn't look so young?

NEWT: (Looks up from writing on pad.) Jackie, with all due respect, I didn't come here to hurt you. Believe me, I'm the same compassionate man I always was.

WIFE: And you know I wouldn't do anything to turn the girls against you.

NEWT: Oh, I know that. If there is one thing I know about you, it's that you're loyal. Loyalty. I want to thank you for having it, Jackie.

WIFE: I don't know so much if it's loyalty. That sounds like a political word. It's just that I was raised in Columbus, Georgia, to be a lady and never diminish the reputation of the father. Even if he doesn't have one to mention.

NEWT: (Jumps up impulsively.) And you're still a lady from Columbus.

WIFE: (Struggles to sit up and smiles faintly.) Come here.

NEWT: energetically goes to bedside and, instead of kissing her, thrusts pad in front of her.

NEWT: Here.

WIFE: What is this?

NEWT: Why don't you just sign it? That'll give us an agreement.

WIFE: What kind of agreement?

NEWT: A divorce.

WIFE: What are you talking about?

NEWT: A sensible settlement. And speedy. You'll never see me in with negotiations breaking down.

WIFE: Newt, I can't sign anything without a lawyer.

NEWT: A lawyer? We've allowed lawyers to run our affairs. Who are they? Scornful people who get rapacious and child molesters off. We ought to remember that. Every time you hire a lawyer, you help a rapist.

WIFE: I didn't expect this from you.

NEWT: Jackie, do you realize how sick that is? Have you lost all your family values? Do you realize how truly sick you are?

WIFE: That's what the doctors say.

NEWT: I can't stand here and see you like this... If it's too much for you to read, here.

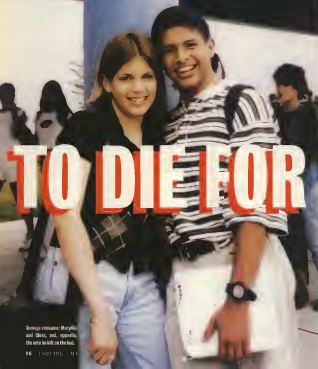
"Newt, clothing allowance, four hundred a month, Jackie, alimony, nothing."

Let me explain the alimony. If I get three suits and you have no new clothes, then just by my having three new suits, you will have a new outfit. That's the American dynamic. But if I pay alimony to you... in other words, if you go on welfare... you'll be weak and dependent on handouts. You can cure people on welfare. Every time they mean, tell them to go open a business. They have to learn a hard lesson in self-reliance. Just like you, Jackie.

With this, she puts her head back on the pillow and falls asleep.

NEWT: If it's too much for you to sign, just initial it. M.

"They were too much in love to live," their friends said, which may be all the explanation anybody will ever have for what happened next. By Elizabeth Kaye



Images remain: Marilyn and Steve, and, opposite, the note he left on the bus.

TO EVERYONE,
I CAN'T GO ON LIVING, I'VE LOST MARULING,
THAT'S SOMETHING THAT HURTS ME VERY DEEP
INSIDE OF MY HEART. I'LL REMEMBER ALL
OF YOU. NONE OF YOU WILL BE FORGOTTEN,
PLEASE DON'T FORGET ME. I LOVE ALL OF
YOU. I'VE PUT MY BEST THESE 10 YEARS I'VE
BEEN ON THIS HELLHOLE CALLED EARTH. I
BID FAREWELL TO ALL. PLEASE KEEP ME IN
YOUR HEARTS, BECAUSE I KNOW ALL OF YOU
WILL BE IN MINE. I AM NOT LEAVING YOU, I'M
ESCAPING ~~THE~~ FROM THE REALM OF ~~THE~~ REALITY
~~UNKNOW~~ INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE UN-
KNOWN. BECAUSE REALITY IS, I CAN'T BE
WITH MARULING, AND EVEN THE STRONGEST
MAN IN THE WORLD WOULDN'T RESIST THE
LOSS OF A LOVED ONE, THAT WAS HELD SO
NEAR AND DEAR TO YOUR HEART NOTHING
CAN STOP ME NOW. I'M TAKING MY LIFE,
BECAUSE WITHOUT MARULING I HAVE NO
LIFE, FUNNY... KAREN WAS TALKING
ABOUT SUICIDE EARLIER, ~~AS~~ I NEVER
THOUGHT IT WOULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO
WITH ME. ~~SO~~ ~~BYE~~ FAREWELL TO ALL,
AND AS THE IMMORTAL BEETHOVEN ONCE
SAID, "APPLAUD FRIENDS, THE COMEDY IS OVER."
I LEAVE YOU WITH THE SAME WORDS

I LOVE YOU ALL,
Christian
Deane

The Indian Coast, where they used to meet, was also where they died.



CHRIS AND MARIELLE BROWNE THEMSELVES early on a Sunday morning during the first term of eighth grade. The reason for this was complicated, though more accounts blamed it on the fact that Marjaling had been ordered by her parents to stop seeing Chris.

In any case, on Tuesday, November 3, 1993, their bodies were found floating in the turquoise Canal, and their friends were left to come to terms with it.

Chris and Marjaling wanted to be together. Daisy and Monica told themselves, and now they were in heaven for eternity. Daisy and Monica looked for signs that Chris and Marjaling were happy in the hereafter. Rain was a sign, and so was a rainbow, and so was hearing Mariah Carey's "One Sweet Day" on the radio. Whenever they got a sign, they looked up at the sky and spoke to Chris and Marjaling.

"Two people better be happy," they said. They had begun addressing Chris and Marjaling this way on their parting match and/or coffee cozies were buried at Woodlawn Park Cemetery in the same grave.

"God, you people," Daisy and Monica said that day. "You made us go to our first funeral."

"They were too much in love to live," another of their friends declared, with an adolescent's epic solemnity. "Too much in love to live" was a phrase to which Monica and

Daisy were particularly attached, and they urged me to offer it as Chris and Marjaling's epitaph.

As it happened, the week I arrived in Miami, I received a phone call from the blond and blue-eyed focus of my own fevered teenage yearnings, who had taken me on dates in his father's old '35 Chevy and on prom night had given me a cyanide-laced wad of toilet paper and had wined the phone in his home to ring only in his room so that I could call in the middle of the night.

I was surprised to learn from him that in the course of our somewhat tattered breakup, there had been a night when he planned to drown himself and inform the world of it by leaving his Run-DMC jacket on the sand near the beach house where I was spending the summer with my parents.

"I can't explain what it means to stand on a beach," he told me. "And just that your life is shattered." This realization suggests the more general nature of what I found in Miami, which ultimately had less to do with suicide than with the way in which romance breeds delusion.

IN 1994, AT THE BEGINNING OF EIGHTH GRADE, CHRISTIAN DAVIS was a twelve-year-old boy who had just started shedding his baby fat. That was the year that he and his best friends, Enrique and Lester, took lockers right next to one another, numbers 1, 2, and 3. Enrique was the tallest. Lester was the shortest. Chris was in the middle and had the

longest hair. Every morning, they played basketball, then went to the locker room, put on deodorant and Cool Water cologne, and brushed their hair. Chris wasn't the kind who liked talking about himself, but he liked talking about his hair. "My hair is so beautiful," he would say.

"Hey," held all the guys, "see Dennis Pre-V?" Chris and Lester had not in first grade. They were both born in Nicaragua and were so close that people asked if they were twins. Like all their friends, they were among the school's best-looking and most popular kids and were enrolled in the honors and gifted-student programs.

Chris's parents had been teachers in Nicaragua. He inherited their intelligence, along with his mother's gracefulness and his father's gallantry. He held doors open for girls. "I love what you're wearing," he told his younger, more attractive teachers.

He took Advanced Language Arts with Victor Castro, who was reading him for the debating club and regarded him as "one of the most remarkable and eloquent students."

"Don't I make a good lawyer?" he would ask.

"Chris was preparing for a future," says Ms. Castro, "and everyone knew it."

But he was also always kidding around. He burped in people's faces. He laughed like Ernie the Clown on *The Simpsons*. On weekends, he and Lester called local bars and asked to speak to Al Capone.

"Check it out," he would say, crossing his arms over his chest as if he were a cop. "Mr. George Burns is two months."

"I'm a joke," he used to say. "I can never be serious."

When Enrique found out that Chris had killed himself, it didn't seem possible.

"Before Chris was with Marjaling," he says, "I would have bet my life that he would never have done that."

AT THE BEGINNING OF SEVENTH GRADE, Marjaling Flores also looked like a child. Her face was round, her expression wistful, with the absence of grace appropriate to a twelve-year-old who had until lately played with dolls. She was an when her parents brought her to Miami from Managua, the Nicaraguan town where she was born. In Managua, she attended Catholic school. She was devoted there, and she may have had something to do with why she seemed so shy.

She was a girl who focused on her anxieties, examining over them and, in particular, writing about them, and those anxieties became a kind of identity. "Writing is what I enjoy doing most," she wrote. "I find [it] a stress-relieving form of expressing yourself. I also think I have a talent for putting my feelings down on paper."

These feelings were a composition of adolescent insecurities. She despaired over her looks, her weight, her inability to remain on a diet or be a good friend. Above all, she worried about her attractiveness to boys. "I don't know who I am going to go with," she wrote before a poem. "Hopefully it's someone rare and cute who appreciates who I am."

Her feelings did not differ from those of other girls, except perhaps in intensity. The enormous she recorded were

anxiety, and there were so many of them that in the course of seventh grade alone, Marjaling filled thirty journals.

THE STORY OF CHRIS AND MARIELLE UNFOLDED IN THE Florida copypaper of *Sweetwater*, a club edition whose articles are listed in the Miami phone book but live an impenetrable distance from that familiar backdrop for police shows and fashion spreads.

Sweetwater was originally settled in the 1940s by a troop of Russian circus magicians. In the sixties, Cuban émigrés settled there, until the Nicaraguans arrived in the eighties, and the Cubans learned off to more respectable models, leaving *Sweetwater* to become known as Little Managua.

It is a community jostled between a divided and lingering, where the entrepreneurial impulse is expressed through the conversion of living rooms into hair-dressing salons and miniature parks, where immigrants can have houses of their own but where substantial ones require these houses to be shared with so many family members that the driveway used to resemble parking lots.

Sweetwater's managers call these salons *Maestranas*, and by the they mean something quite particular. To be a *Maestranita* has to be born elsewhere and raised here. With their newly pressed American jeans, Camo watches, and shopping cart pedicure to the Mall of the Americas, these *Maestranitas* are a link in a new social evolution, the middle-class children of working-class parents, like the American offspring of Hispanic adults.

These children rub the immigrant's motherworld speaking English at school and Spanish at home, manhandling bank statements and IRS notices for their parents, watching *Baywatch* and *Spanish soap operas*, celebrating Christmas with Santa Claus and the fireplace with the "Three Kings" in their living rooms, communicating hourly like cellular phones and CD players in deployed alongside their Italian faces the market in Managua, decorative sidewalks, and all pageants of the family church in Latin.

Their parents believe in that basic tenet of the American dream, which states that one can make one's children's lives better than one's own. Yet the children soon come to realize the paradoxical distance that begins. "We came here just for you. You don't appreciate what we do for you. . . . When I was your age," and end with the plaintive statement, "We're just trying to give you what we didn't have."

In this precise area, Nicaraguan parents seek to give their children American childhoods even as they fear the influence of America, where, it seems to them, young people are allowed to run wild. Often, when posed by a rebellious child, parents threaten to send him back to Nicaragua. In the old country, children obeyed.

"The reason this country's in the condition it's in," Marjaling's father often said, "is that parents won't put their foot down."

"I'd do anything for him to love me the way I love him," she wrote in her journal.

AS SEVENTH GRADE SENIOR, MARLING DEVELOPED A real crush on Chris. What she liked about him, she would eventually say, was his long black hair. He wasn't supposed to find out about her feelings, but he did.

"She likes you," his friends told him.
 "Well," he answered, "I don't like her."
 "Are you going to take her out?" they asked.
 "A definite, hardheaded no," he said.
 "Shut up and go live it," they told him.
 "No way," he would answer. "Her clothes don't match I don't like her haircut."

In the spring, Marling cut her long, leak hair and began treading a blond. In a matter of months, she had developed an eighteen-year-old's body and talent to dressing in a style that other girls copied. Some girls seem to require a single leap to traverse the distance to young womanhood; Marling appeared to be one of them. In fact, she was still a child who daydreamed about sex and true love while sprawling on a bed laden with stuffed animals. Drawn to the indulgent eccentricity of adolescence, she became mired in its whimsical songs.

"What is my mission on this earth?" she often wrote. Then she found Chris, and he became her mission.

"Now I have an idea of my point on this earth," she wrote just before they began dating. "But the trouble is that my own love does not love me for who I am. To her I am just another face in the crowd. If only he knew I would do anything for him to love me the way I love him."

After six months of dreading Marling, Chris began to change his mind. Their first date was on May 25, 1993. They went to the movies. Marling loved sitting next to Chris. He was five feet seven inches tall and weighed 144 pounds. Chris liked the way Marling glanced over at him with her catlike eyes. He liked her smile, which made her look as if she knew a funny secret.

In the dark, she edged closer to him. He took her hand

and held it. His hand was much bigger than hers. Soon, Marling would be telling her friends that compared with the boyfriends of the other girls, "mine is more manly."

Yet even as her confidence appeared to be burgeoning, privately she was still the inexplicably troubled young woman who had recently succumbed in her journal, "I am so worthless, so uncool.... My feelings are too much. I swear, one day they are going to drive me to suicide. It's pointless to go on living.... But for as full of it can I know I would never take my life. [sic]"

AS I WERE REPORTING THIS STORY, I WOULD TRAVEL the hazy-edged thoroughfares of Miami, the radio of my rental car tuned to Magic 102.5, an oldies station that played the songs I had listened to on the RCA portable radio I had loaned my bed when I was Chris and Marling's age.

On Magic 102.5, you could hear "Since I Don't Have You," "Only You," and "Unchained Melody" or lyrics like "I can't live anymore" and "Oh, girl, I'd be in trouble if you left me now." And though I had long ago committed to memory every word and lick of these soulful enunciations, I found myself mesmerized anew by their vocabulary of soulless desire and available mind. This was music addressed to all the young men and women navigating that season when every word becomes a desire and every desire becomes an imperative.

"It's a time," says Delia Gomez, a counselor at Marling and Chris's school, "when you have to handle adult feelings with adolescent minds."

Later, you become more reasonable. You adopt what is known at the long view. You cease being ruled by chemistry and impulse. You recognize that happiness does not rest on any single element and that you can get over anything. After

that, life becomes easier, though everything is lost. For once you discover that almost everything can be replaced, nothing can seem as meaningful.

As a result, teenagers believe this adults never felt what they feel. And this conviction surfaced when Marling tried to explain Chris and Marling's feelings for each other to me and two school counselors, a reasonably empathetic trio with a fairly extensive romantic history and an average age of forty that as Marling said getting his parents across, words failed him.

"They were. I mean... that is..." Frustrated, he broke off.

"Oh, I don't know," he said finally. "How do you explain this to old people?"

THAT SUMMER, CHRIS AND MARLING'S ONLY SUMMER together, was the season of first love, of deeply lonely nights and tentative kisses that swiftly grew longer and more persistent. Inevitably, every glance and touch raised the prospect of what was once termed "going all the way," which Marling's friends call "sexual contact." When Danny and Marling asked Chris if he planned to have sexual contact with Marling, he looked nervous.

"We aren't ready," he said.

Chris was a natural pioneer. He had known, for example, that Marling was shy about kissing, so he had watched several weeks to test her. Once he kissed her, though, it seemed they were always kissing.

In late June, Marling's mother was sorting through her daughter's underwear drawer when she discovered a photograph beneath the bras and socks. It showed Marling and a young man exchanging a playful kiss. Her mother was shocked and furious. Nineman and Marlon Flores had not come to America to lose their daughter become one of those girls who are pregnant at seventeen, married at eighteen, and working as waitress in whatever job they can get, their dreams of becoming a teacher or a

psychologist sacrificed to the reality of making a living.

Marlon Flores was convinced that having a boyfriend would turn Marling's A's into C's and occasional B's into D's and worse. So he warned her that if she kept seeing Chris, she would soon find herself back at the Maria Auxiliadora Catholic School in Nicaragua.

"Taps, having a boyfriend is normal at school," Marling told him.

"What is normal for you," he said, "is going to be studying. You are going to be accepted among the normal. Your mother is a woman I work with a tool belt around my waist. Is that what you want for yourself?"

The question may have been rhetorical, for Marling, with her parents' approval, had absorbed enough of the new country's creed to want to be a famous fashion designer, at the pace it, and to crave the spectacle she had read about in magazines and seen on television.

"I fantasize about winning the lottery," she wrote, "while I'm on my mission with two Olympic size poise and a private beach and owning three different cars [including] a converted Porsche... and having enough clothes to never wear anything twice."

But her parents would not have appreciated her ultimate ambition. "Most importantly, [I fantasize about] living with my very gorgeous boyfriend."

Like most immigrant parents, Nineman and Marlon Flores embraced the new country while maintaining much old-country notions of discipline and control. In the old country, parents dictated the terms of their children's existence. And so they insisted that Marling call Chris in their presence and break up with him.

"I can't ever go out with you again," she told him.

But Chris realized that she didn't mean it and played his part well, an exercise in empathy that bound them even more. Afterward, they saw each other as much as possible, meeting in a bench beside the Tamiami Canal, which edged their neighborhood.

The canal is thirty feet wide and half that deep in the center, with the lush forest of a cypress. But beneath its glassy surface, it is choked with fast-growing weeds that the weed-control boat can barely maintain. These weeds can snare the most accomplished swimmers, enveloping them in unspeaking, gelatinous arms. Even the smallest kids know that the canal is lethal and you must never go in it.

Visiting their bench beside the water, Marling must have glowered the grown-up trash that lying becomes necessary when you are

What remains: Chris and Marling's friends (clockwise from center front)—living, son of Chris's best friend since kindergarten, Danny Molina, and leather-polluters carry the candles from the joint funeral; Marling's mother sobbing at the memorial mass; a bench by the canal, the couple's rendezvous spot.



compelled to honor someone's expectations. She tried to change her parents' minds, telling them that Chae was "the sweetest, nicest, most thoughtful and caring person in the whole world." She also told them that the loved her.

"You don't know what love is," her father replied. "How can you know what I feel?" she said.

This dialogue had the predictable effect, drawing Marilyn further from her parents and even closer to Chris. She had yearned for a sense of worth, a sense of meaning, and had found them in this unexpectedly gentle young man.

Marilyn had kindled something in Chris, too, and a changed in the poems he wrote her. He had written poetry since he was ten. "Now I'm not afraid of what to do," he wrote then. "I think I've got a little to think of you."

But the poems for Marilyn were impassioned and earnest. He read some to Monica and Daisy.

"Where do you get all this from?" asked Daisy.

The girls were learning that they could talk to Chris in a way they couldn't talk to other boys. He was close to his older sister and to the girlfriends of one of his brothers, and perhaps it was from them that he had learned about girls.

With the boys, Chris laughed his Borneo and Borneo laugh, but he conversed with the girls in a different tone. "Don't listen to anyone," he would advise them. "Don't try to please anyone. Follow your heart."

"God, Daisy! Monica and one day 'Chris is like a girl to the body of a girl.' Ask the guys what Chris would have been had he grown up, and they say a stand-up comedian. Ask the girls what Chris would have been, and they say a poet."

BY THE BEGINNING OF EIGHTH GRADE, Enrique and Lester still had lockers side by side. But Chris abandoned his locker next to theirs and moved up to the third floor to share a locker with Marilyn. It was locker 3163, right below, one foot square, nearly shoulder height. They always sat there. They kept it tidy. It was as if they were making a home together in that little box.

Later, after the whole school had been played out, Enrique would comment that Chris and Marilyn had built a home around themselves. They were always whispering together, always holding hands, queuing only about who loved the other most, exchanging caps and heart-shaped rings for their monthly anniversaries, squandering themselves in a world that no one else could see.

Chris still took time for his friends, but now he was different; they saw more serious. At first, Marilyn had been the one who cared most, but as Lester put it, "it had evolved out."

Assured, affectionate, increasingly powerful, Chris tried to solve Marilyn's problems, becoming as absorbed in this difficult task as he himself was. "He is the one I always turn to," Marilyn wrote of Chris, "and will not

only listen to me but understand me." Marilyn's mission had been Chris, now Chris, too, had a mission.

"It is the best feeling in the world," Marilyn often said, "to know that someone was placed on this earth just to try to make you happy."

For all the ways that Chris was changing, in some ways he was the same. He still played baseball. He still adored Michael Jordan. He could still tell you what time Jordan was born and that he grew four inches in one summer. Lester had a Michael Jordan baseball card imprinted with his autograph. Chris wanted that card more than he wanted anything, but Marilyn.

"I would do anything for you," Marilyn often told Chris. And on Saturday, September 14, at 7:00 a.m., after her parents left for work, with her younger brother asleep upstairs, Chris and Marilyn lay down on her living-room couch and engaged in the act through which, by the unrelenting tenets of Hispanic code, a young man becomes experienced and a girl becomes ruined.

"We did something bad," Chris told Daisy and Monica afterward. "Well, not bad, but we did it."

"You can call Marilyn a woman and me a man," Chris told Lester with a radiant smile, "because we did it."

With that, the balance between them altered with the interlocking logic of a Zen master's puzzle. For in giving herself, Marilyn had taken possession of Chris. In her willingness to do anything for him, she created a new system wherein he would do anything for her. From that point on, Lester would say later, "the kind of committed love."

Two weeks after they began having sex, Chris wrote a condom this broken. Marilyn was convinced that she was pregnant. "Oh, Lester," Chris said, trying to join, "something may have happened while I was becoming a man."

"What will you do?" the girls asked him. "Get some money," he answered, "and run away with her."

But Marilyn was not pregnant. In retrospect, given the gradual way in which people build up to sexual acts, the incident seems notable for being the first time that Chris and Marilyn consciously decided to get a girl pregnant, and for the way it introduced an air of desperation that began to permeate their dealings.

If she could not be with Chris, Marilyn wrote in her journal, she would kill herself.

"Will you call Marilyn for me?" Chris asked Monica around that time. He always had the other kids telephone her, since she wasn't allowed to get calls from him.

"Tell her," Chris instructed Monica that day. "That I can't live without her."

AT THE END OF OCTOBER, ONE OF THEIR TEACHERS advised Beethoven's last words for the quote of the day: "Applied, friends, the comedy is over." The words must have affected Chris, though like any young man, he was

distracted by his friends and his feelings. "The dad's last words rule," Chris told Lester.

November 4 was Chris and Marilyn's last day. That afternoon, their friends would say later, they entered a marriage ceremony. At their bench beside the canal, it was said, Chris took on one knee. He and Marilyn vowed to forsake all others, to remain together for richer or for poorer. They vowed to love each other "till death do us part."

They planned to meet that night at the St. Agatha church for Marilyn was accompanied there by her 16-year-old brother, Marko. "My little brother and I," she had written, "don't get along so well." Perhaps she believed that the boy had been motivated by their parents to spy on her sister, or brothers in Hispanic households often are.

But her brother's presence didn't keep Marilyn and Chris from seeing each other. At one point, they wandered off and were spotted talking, expressions grave, eyes cast down. But when they joined their friends, they were joking and smiling.

Marilyn and Marko Jr. got home at 10:00 p.m. Moments later, the boy announced to their parents that Marilyn had been with Chris. Her parents were enraged. It was plain that Marilyn's promises had led to nothing, and their dreams had been dashed. There would be, they assumed

their daughter, a very serious talk the next morning. Before her mother went to bed, she removed the phone from Marilyn's room to keep her daughter from calling Chris.

Marilyn called Chris from another phone. They talked for an hour. He came down from his room, looking shaken. He went to the kitchen and poured a glass of water. He stared back up the stairs. Then he turned to his sister, who was in the living room. "I gotta go," he said.

Marilyn started writing her goodbye notes at 11:40 a.m. She finished at 1:00, marking each letter with the time she began and finished it, as she did on school assignments. She placed the messages in a green folder on which she inscribed, "This is all my friends who I will never forget."

She had written a dozen notes. "I love you with all my heart," she wrote her friends, and "Thank you for being there for me." The letter to her parents had sharper edges. "You'll never be able to understand the love between me and Christian," she wrote in Spanish. "I feel that without him I can't live.... You don't let me see him in this world, so we're going to another place."

There were two letters to her brother. "Well, this is my goodbye to you. Even though you did a lot of very bad things to me, I forgive you and still love you. I know you are a little bit young to understand what I killed myself."

But the way of it was less clear than Marilyn presented, because she had flirted so long with the idea of suicide that, regardless of what her parents did, the impulse had gathered its own momentum.

Chris wrote his goodbye note. "Nothing can stop me from loving my life, because without Marilyn I have no life.... As the immortal Beethoven once said, 'Applied friends, the comedy is over.' I love you with the same words I love you all."

He placed the note on his bed, then crept soundlessly down the stairs, leaving behind the people who loved him most. How could this happen? his father would ask later. Chris and his family were so close, he had no secrets from them. But Chris had secret none and he had acquired a sense pressing loudly. So he stepped out into the dark and hastened to meet Marilyn at the old wooden bridge.

The great linking to the bridge would have been damp with dew. Mist would have been rising from the canal. The streetlights would have been reflected in the dark, placid water. Had Chris and Marilyn looked up, they could have seen, on the far side of the canal, the university and the highway overpasses of escape they might have taken, had they been able to wait.

AT THE FUNERAL, MARILYN'S BROTHER TAUNTED THREE times. When Marilyn's friends tried to criticize her, she pushed them away. "I don't want anything," she told them. "I just want my daughter."

Chris and Marilyn's friends gathered around the open casket, viewing into it pink and white roses. Monica threw in a rhinestone ring. Here's your engagement ring, Marilyn, she said.

Lester stopped forward. From his pocket, he took the Michael Jordan card that Chris had worn. He held it, then tossed it over the open grave. The wind bore it upward, then gently set it down on Chris's shiny gray coffin.

At about the same time, the students made a shrine of locker 3163, the four-square royal-blue home that Chris and Marilyn had shared, placing in it red and white balloons bearing the legends THIRTIETH OF A CENT AND HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, a card signed "I miss you," and a Christmas card that read, "May your year be filled with every blessing. Students list notes for Marilyn and Chris. Lester wrote his message inside the locker door. It read, "You suck, WHIST!"

"It would be less painful," said Enrique, "if it had a point."

On his final day in Miami, I drove back to the canal one last time, listening on the radio to James Taylor singing "Fire and Rain," the song he wrote, it was said, about the girl he loved who killed herself.

The night became storm. The setting sun turned the blue sky to mauve. The clouds began to mold. And I listened to the song and looked at the sunset and tried to recall when I was really in love with twenty-five years ago, when "Fire and Rain" was released. I was not entirely surprised to discover that I couldn't remember it. ■

"Will you call her for me?" Chris asked a friend. "Tell her that I can't live without her."



Eventually Chris and Marilyn (inset) ended up in the hospital; were buried together.



Combiné
GENTLEMAN

SUITS DU JOUR

From the appalling
to the appealing
in Paris

By Woody Hochswender

ECONOMY is not just tolerated in Paris fashion. It is celebrated. The French regard fashion as an art, and viewing it as a singular experience.

Some first impressions of the Paris men's-wear circuit formations in an outdoor market taking roots in a snowstorm (in the recent Denis Van Noten show). Models in metallic-silver down jackets on a standardized runway (Issey Miyake). A cherry-pose denim orchestra accompanying soft clothes inside an enormous tent set up at a nightclub in the Bois de Boulogne (Walter Van Beirendonck). Run ways in taxis on the runway in a ballroom at the Ritz (Nino Cerrito). A fashion show inside an unheated air-conditioned shop (Just Levy).

All in the service of customers and good, if occasionally freezing, fun. Perhaps the coldest scene was set by Jean-Paul Gaultier, who teased the editors of both the

Book: The Men's casual covered, orange T-shirt, and plain-front trousers



Denon's layered silk shirt, bag, and narrow ribbed wool pants with riding pockets. Below, down jacket with leather pants by Nino Cerrito.



Yoji Yamamoto's fur-collared wool overcoat, bag, and heavy Miyake's metallic quilted winter suit, below.



Checks on the Male

A certain species of plaid, especially bed-plaid trousers, has long been almost a cliché for country-club bad taste. But men's fashion designers suddenly seem to love the stuff, part of a spill over on clothes and sometimes conventional others. Here, from left, Nino Cerrito's windowpane trousers with grey woaden T-shirt. Christian Dior's sideways of bed-plaid pants. Robert Bonner's plaid trousers, and Paul Smith's larger-check trousers—all from the recent fall/winter 1995 showings in Paris.



magazine and GQ, presumably for not paying enough attention to his wares. (We all went shopping in tears.)

The blessed networking, the Denis Van Noten show, held in a vegetable market, was one of the season's best. Even the drawing room, which favored the opportunity to provide blankets and hot mulled wine, could not obscure the fine design. Van Noten, a Belgian, specializes in sharply tailored suits mixed with seventies-style sport shirts, V-necks, and great short coats. His swirling color sense—navy and brown, orange and camel, pink and blue—combines with his perfect sense of the moment.

Another outstanding collection comes from Hermès: a venerable luxury house updating its men's wear under designer Viktor Rolf. The collection has its core classic—three-button, challenge suits in blue, brown, and gray—but it also focuses on the modern, with thermalized woaden slits, plain-front whipcord trousers with angled riding pockets, zip-neck stretch sweaters, in the style of Forties slimmers but in lycra-cotton, tapered leather shirts, and peacock sweaters with an Hermès H pattern.

Then, of course, various creative designers from all

over. French designer Paul Smith, who shows them, is known for his quality detailing and simple, busy tailoring. This season he brings a rich palette to his signature tailored shaper-powder blue costumes: blazers, slacks, green velvet coats. The Japanese, known of the Paris scene for more than a decade, have ideas but can be prone to meaningless experimentation. This season, Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons toys with men's classics: thick wool toggle coats, patchwork argyle sweaters, jackets with kna trousers—everything, a bit twisted. Miyake's collection features broken fabrics for both overwear and suits. Yoji Yamamoto layered his models like beryllium bedrock.

Not everyone in Paris needs to be economic. Nino Cerrito favors line-tailed single-breasted suits with peaked lapels for fall, and Larrieu emphasizes classic silhouettes with innovative fabrics, like a waterproof canvas, topped model of Gaultier. And, of course, Christian Dior did an entire collection based on plaid, down to the gloves. Royal Horne scored with its simple tailored clothes, woad jeans, and leather trousers. But, one must point out, only a Frenchman would wear penny loafers with leather pants in

It's like something out of a vintage sitcom. The most forward fashion collections are looking back. Appropriating styles almost synonymous with unhappiness—plaid pants, V-neck sweaters, nylon polo shirts—the hippest designers have been celebrating an era of good, clean fun.

suburban scenes

Photographs by Troy Ward. Produced by John MacLean.



STREET TIPS: Ap- up nylon polo shirt by Versace; floral trousers, nylon trousers by Fendi & Balmain. Her sweater by Galiano; shirt by Issey Miyake. She's left: Her dress by Donna Karan. Nylon sweater-wild polo shirt, and over-the-shoulder trousers by Young & Rubicam; trousers by Ralph Lauren. Her shirt: V-neck nylon sweater by Balmain. Nylon trousers: Versace; her sweater by Balmain. Her shirt: Versace; her sweater by Balmain. Her shirt: Versace; her sweater by Balmain.



SOCIAL SPINNS From left, her dress by A.R.G. Dallas polo shirt by Elber; road trousers by G.G. Cabre Elber, suede jacket by Rick Pagano, wrist by Ruffalo. Her blouse by Iron Ink; pants by Alberto Elber per New York. Y-neck blouse pullover by Gabe & Gabe. Spanish, top row, left: Elber's blouse polo shirt by G.G. Cabre Elber; shorts by Brooks Brothers. Below: cotton overalls by Perry Elber; white shorts by Karl. White overalls, right, and leather overalls, left: Elber's overalls by Jess. Elber's Y-neck and the overalls and blouse shirt by George. Elber's shirt.



wild eyed

Stylier-inspired (textured) tortoise sunglasses, left,
and Side Street tortoise sunglasses, below, both by
Paul Smith Spectacles from Winter Peoples



Stylier-inspired (textured) tortoise sunglasses
with brown lenses by Arnette

The newest shades combine
the cool of wraparounds and the
intelligence of tortoise

Photographs by Robert Fleischauer

Produced by Tony Melillo



Handmade plastic tortoise wraparound by
Dorothy Roth for Optical Affairs



Tortoise wraparound from Shaka Optics by
Robert Walker; shot by John A. Robinson



Tortoise wraparound with brown lenses, with spring hinges
for a better fit, by Giorgio Armani Eyewear

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Patient P.H. Before (above) and After (right) 1745 grafts in one New Hair Institute Fast Track™ session.



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Q&A:

About Hair Transplants

Q
&
A

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Q
&
A

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Q
&
A

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4. A doctor who is willing and proud to introduce you to his patients, who are, in turn, proud to be seen.
5. A Medical Group that is a recognized leader in the state of the art techniques.

[continued from p. 100] in this movie hell, he was a great actor.

Valerie Selaenus, played by Lili Taylor in the movie, looks like Pam Lebowitz's lost daughter. She suffered the worse fate of this world, which was to be taken up, briefly valued, and then excommunicated, to watch, hearing friends, as others became stars. "She was a heavy disk to carry," says Jeremiah Newman today. "She would sit out the background and then, all of a sudden, pow! The only reason I commented on the film is that they showed us her death certificate."

Valerie was the girl at the party no one asked to dance, harboring the painful fantasies every writer has in adulthood: that they were taking her away, losing it, exploiting her.

"Our old friend Andy Warhol had been shot and nearly killed by a deranged actress who had appeared in *La Mouton* with me," Tina Baker once wrote. "This event, coupled with the Kennedy murders [Robert Kennedy was shot two days later], caused a sense of para-

nous that seemed like a vicious movie-line high. I called Jim [Morrison] at his apartment to talk with him about the incredible chain of events of the last days. . . . Professionally I remained on a treadmill to oblivion, the 'Warhol saga' clinging to me like white on rice."

Candy Darling also believed in magic in a young girl's heart, though she was born with a penis. Those who know her never hesitated over their pronouns. Candy was a soft beauty, a wit, an accomplished self-defense, a rock rolled dropped by a passing bird into a ball of blood pink roses. An accident and beautiful as only an accident can be. Maybe the best picture of my friend Candy who was born James Slattery, was the one she herself compiled for her model's portfolio.

On the film, CANDY DARLING WAS presented in gold, but inside was James Slattery's dark card—*q-q*—a teen camouflaged in Minneapolis Park, pictures of Marilyn Monroe, a ticket to Hellsberg, a magazine on "How to use the power of positive thinking," pictures of

her mother, a 1977 *Time* with Ron Niekirk on the cover, a Valentine from the director Dallas, a ticket to Stockholm for Miss J. Slattery, a 45 of Bobby Darin's "Queen of the Hips," an autographed picture of Candy signed "Guns of Love, Queens of Sinners," pictures of Candy comparing hands with Jane Fonda in *Mojo's Kitten City*.

Stephen Dorff, highly wooed from fingers to toes, plays Candy in *I Shot Andy Warhol*. He tries, but he looks like a silverwing man in a wig, whereas Candy was a born transsexual, delicate of feature, with pale, transparent skin the color of surgical gauze. "I thought you were a lesbian," says Valerie on meeting her halfway in transition from Jimmy to Candy. Candy a dead nose, but I could not help hearing her whisper, careful voice: "Oh, the way, oh, that skin. Look at those shoulders. Whose did they get that dress?" Of course, she would have said a *beau*.

With her close friends, she would drink, backstroke, and refuse to be helped from cots in public, however, she would collapse into helplessness, scrunching down into her seat to look smaller for photographs. She was one of the mummies, moving through a room like a large blood heart. She was quietest (she most people, bodies, and at most center). She lived easily with the sword: she her heavy commended, expecting people to do things for her, to give her things, leaving apartments strewn with her clothes and makeup. Someone would pick up, they always did.

When Candy Darling was dying in a Bowflex-filled room in Columbus Hospital in New York, I walked in on her one day. A housekeeper was tending to her notes. I apologized for disturbing her. And she quoted Ericig: Bardot, who once said, "Stardom is a house without shades," so I asked Tinkerbelle, who later killed herself, was there, and so was Jeremiah Newman. But she kept looking for Andy Warhol.

"If anyone can make you a star, Andy can," Candy whispers to Valerie Selaenus in the movie. Do you believe in magic?

Tina Baker is dead. Jim Morrison is dead. Andy is dead. Candy is dead. Eddie Sedgwick is dead. Valerie Selaenus is dead, and so are little Tinkerbelle and the almost divine Little Nause, except *CD*, loved to be anywhere near old. Then, of love, scenes of boxes, world without end, less-less, amen. H

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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ. JULIE BAUMGOLD

ANDY, CANDY, AND ME

WHEN I WAS a wee girl in New York in the days of Mylar and fringe, there were two courts for the young, peevish, and beautiful. One was the court of Salvador Dalí, which met in the King Cole Bar of the St. Regis hotel or at long tables at Thérèse We's. It was a madhouse court, outrageous and luxurious, because Dalí, the master and king of the reeks, refused to go below Fifth Street.

The other court was that around Andy Warhol, the silence who won a prince. This was a downtown court, centered in Mac's Karuso Coo and in faded macramé lobs where, long before rapemodals, "superstars" were made.

The two artists competed for dreamy bodies, and we were those peeps. We found fresh bodies for them and brought them south to the St. Regis or the Pincery. We found lost creatures of the night and hoped they were

fabulous enough for the two moon kings. If the person could speak or had some talent, so much the better. We'd spent a lot of time getting dressed and then trying to be as fabulous as we looked. We were anxious and confident. We were very young and often poor. The moon kings gave us exotic names and sometimes asked us to take off our clothes. Every variety of sexual persuasion appeared before the two kings, who were both exacting and essentially voyeurist. We loved happily in their presence and never picked up a check.

Sometimes, the two courts would meet, and creatures such as Ulfar Violet would drift back and forth, but usually our masters were jealous. I was in Dalí's court, but I knew the other court well. In Dalí's court, he was the entertainment, in Andy's

court, his superstars performed. Every one sat and stared a lot. I knew Candy Darling, and Andy and Tom Baker, the star of *I, a Man*, and Vivio, and Jeremiah Newton, who was Candy's friend and a friend of Valerie Sokolova's, the woman who shot Andy Warhol.

Now they have made *I Shot Andy Warhol*, a terrific movie about the late scenes in New York, a time when the only crime was to be old. The directors have gotten it mostly right, and many of the people who might object are dead. They are dead from bad deaths like aneurisms, overdoses, and disfigurements. Muses have a hard lot sometimes and no afterlife.

The era of this movie was a time of leather pants and dresses that swung or hung stiffly and parties with plastic chairs and red lights and French conversation drifting in and out of your ear in time. Then, too, there were large plastic Bagnos of pills and people with

pierced faces and moose eyes, jibbing needles through their joints, moving in slow motion through curtains of beads in air sweeter with grass as the music asked "Do you believe in magic in a young girl's heart?"

I did believe in magic, and so did Valerie Sokolova, and through it all these were Andy Warhol, shimmering on a sofa, the absent soul, watching, always watching, taping, always taping.

One night, at some club, I sat with Andy and we watched together as the lost, thin creatures danced hard in the red light. Talking to Andy was like playing tennis against a beginner—often the ball did not come back. "Say something dirty. Would you like to do a scene with me? You need some blush." These are the kinds of things he says. [continued on page 111]



1. a Musee. The red Darling (below) and Dalí's second film camera.



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